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THROUGH THE MUTINY

COLONEL THOMAS NICHOLLS WALKER

BENGAL STAFF CORPS

From a photograph by W. K. Loftus, Bangkok, Siam

[*Frontispiece*

THROUGH THE MUTINY

REMINISCENCES OF THIRTY YEARS' ACTIVE SERVICE AND SPORT IN INDIA, 1854-83

BY THE LATE

COLONEL THOMAS NICHOLLS WALKER

BENGAL STAFF CORPS

22569

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

THE author of this book of Indian Experiences, the late Colonel Thomas Nicholls Walker, was born in London on August 12, 1837, and on leaving college entered the 60th Regiment Bengal Infantry, March 14, 1854; was promoted to Lieutenant, November 23, 1856; Captain 2nd Bengal Fusiliers, March 14, 1866; Major Staff Corps, March 14, 1874; Lieutenant-Colonel, March 14, 1880; and Colonel, 1883.

Personal narratives of services during the Indian Mutiny are of unfailing interest, and the gallant Author's modest account of his own doings embraces all the siege operations before Delhi, including the final assault and capture of that city.

He was twice wounded, and was also present at the taking of the heights of Sona, and the surrender of the forts of Rewarrie, Jujjhur, Kanoude, Furucknuggur and Bullumbghur.

He served in the Rohilcund Campaign, 1858, including the actions of Amsoth, Bagawalla and

Nugeena, and relief of Moradabad; for which he received the medal with clasp.

He also took part in the little-known and most trying campaign against the Naga Hill tribes, in 1879–80, and was present at the assault of Khonoma, being mentioned in dispatches, and receiving the medal with clasp.

He was awarded the medal of the Royal Humane Society in 1869 for jumping into the River Alipore, Bhootan, and rescuing four persons who were in imminent danger of drowning.

He died at Canterbury, November 30, 1903.

Thus was severed another link in that chain of heroes, gentle and simple, who so nobly responded to the call of Duty during those eventful years of 1857–58.

A. H. L.

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LL.D.

THROUGH THE MUTINY

CHAPTER I

Voyage to India—Anecdotes of mosquitos and crows—Calcutta—Journey to Benares in a dak gharrie—An artful jackal—Joins the 60th Bengal N.I.—March to Umballah.

I FIRST landed in India on June 20, 1854, after a slow and tedious passage of ninety-nine days round the Cape of Good Hope in the steamer *Propontis* of six hundred tons.

On leaving Plymouth we passed a sailing vessel named *The William Carey*. She was unbending sails, and the captain, hailing us, asked where we were bound for. On our answering "Calcutta," he offered to tow us there. We passed the ship with derisive cheers; but the first vessel we saw in the Hoogly was *The William Carey*. She had beaten us by a day, and our captain got fearfully chaffed in consequence.

There were four other cadets on board besides myself. We were all under charge of Major Chevne, of the Honourable East India Company's

service, and we are all surviving to the present day, I believe.

We had to visit every possible port for coal—St. Vincent (Cape de Verde Islands), Ascension, Mauritius, the Cape, where we remained for three or four days, and where we received our first experiences of mosquitos.

I was told a good story at Capetown regarding these pests. It was a story of two sailors who went ashore there and took a room at an hotel. They complained in the morning, after their first night, to the landlord that they had been unable to sleep on account of the mosquitos, and he promised to supply them with mosquito curtains for their bedsteads in future. That night, after they had been in bed some time, they were congratulating themselves on their freedom from their enemies of the night before, when a firefly flew in at the window. On one of the sailors seeing it, he said to his chum—"It's all up, Jack; they've been back home to fetch their lanterns to find the way in."

I was very much bitten by mosquitos during my first night in Calcutta, as the curtains had not been properly adjusted. In the morning a cup of tea and some toast were brought in for me and placed on the table in the centre of the room, and the windows were opened. No sooner had the servant left the

THE PESTERED PARIAH AND HIS PERFIDIOUS PERSECUTORS.

room than some crows flew in, settled on the table, and vigorously attacked the toast. I jumped out of bed to the rescue, carrying away the mosquito curtains; but the toast was gone, and some forty or fifty crows, perched on a low roof opposite my window, were cawing and jeering at me.

I have seen crows take a bone from a dog comfortably discussing it; one crow pecked the dog's tail, and on the animal turning round snarling, another bird carried off the treasure.

The friends with whom I stayed in Calcutta and myself were one night going to a ball at Government House. I had been busy all the afternoon getting my full-dress uniform ready, which I was going to don for the first time. At dinner the ladies were discussing the dresses they were going to wear; after a time the hostess asked me how I was going to the ball.

"In full dress," I replied.

There was a roar of laughter at my expense, and I was informed that it was the mode of conveyance to Government House I was required to give information about. I blushed, I know, but it was excusable in a youngster of a little over sixteen.

After remaining in Calcutta some two or three weeks, I was sent up to Benares, to do duty

with the 67th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry. Benares is a station 428 miles from Calcutta. A young cavalry officer, who had also come out in the *Propontis*, was sent with me. We travelled by dak gharrie, or a four-wheeled conveyance drawn by two ponies, something like a four-wheeled cab.

The rainy season had set in, and our journey therefore took a long time to accomplish, nearly fourteen days, if I remember right; we had swollen rivers to cross in boats or on rafts. The ponies were relieved every six miles or so; nearly all were vicious, and very troublesome to start, but when once off, they would gallop the whole stage.

At that time there were no railways in India, but in one or two places between Calcutta and Raneegunge we saw the embankments being thrown up for the first one. There are now upwards of 16,000 miles of railways, carrying annually one hundred million passengers.

That journey is still vivid in my recollection, and the discomfort we underwent. The vehicle was about the size of a cab, the pit between the seats was boarded over, and our beddings were laid out over the whole space, an arrangement which gave the two of us just space to lie down. The weather was very hot; it was a crush. Our worldly property, in boxes, was tied up on the

roof, articles required for daily use being kept in the pit, and in a net over our feet in the front part of the vehicle.

At the end of each stage there was always a great delay, particularly at night, for we travelled night and day. The ponies of the stage just completed were unyoked, streaming with perspiration and panting heavily, to be immediately walked back whence they came. The animals to relieve them were dragged forth from the stables to the road, patted and made much of, with exclamations of "Come along, my son," "Come along, my daughter," by their attendants. On their reaching the gharrie difficulties commenced with yoking them to. The terms of endearment ceased, and brutal ill-treatment, and bad language commenced. The coupling and harnessing to having been completed, the coachman, who was not changed with the ponies, but after some forty or fifty miles' driving, mounted his seat and was handed the ribbons, if long strips of coarse, cracked, and parched leather can be so termed. Then came the tug of war! As a rule the ponies, instead of proceeding in the required direction, would turn round, dragging pole and front wheels round with them, as if to see how many passengers were inside.

Twitches to their noses, ropes round their front

fetlocks were in many instances applied, and by these means they were dragged round to their proper front. Then whack! whack! with thick sticks on their poor backs, heads, or any spot where their attendants thought it would hurt them most.

The ponies would rear, kick, or perhaps lie down; more nose twitching, and hauling with ropes by the attendants would be tried, until at last, as if by mutual agreement, the ponies would make a plunge forward and start off at racing speed. As the coachman was not always quite ready for this sudden start, the ponies would swerve off to the edge of the road, which more often than not is on the top of a high embankment with steep sloping sides, where a roll down meant broken limbs, smashed boxes, and probably the smashing up of the gharrie, necessitating a long delay in the jungles until the arrival of another conveyance.

These are the adventures we met with at a very great many of the stages during the day and night. At first I used to feel a little nervous at night, but soon became callous, and would sleep through the most hideous noises, and frantic appeals for buck-sheesh from the departing horse attendants.

I often wondered that more serious accidents did not occur, as this was then the usual mode of travelling long distances.

There was in the early sixties a lady travelling with her husband, an officer, by dak gharrie, when the vehicle turned over on its side. The coachman was killed or disabled, and the lady and her husband jumped out, the poor lady on the wrong side unfortunately, the ponderous conveyance falling on her. Her husband, unaided, could not lift it up to extricate her, so had to leave her in that terrible position while he ran to a village for assistance. The lady I have often seen since, but alas! she was injured for life.

On all the principal roads in India there used to be, and are still, what are called dak bungalows, or travellers' rest houses, where any one can claim twenty-four hours' shelter by payment of one rupee, which includes attendance, use of the kitchen, etc. The cook provides food, beer, etc., for which he presents his little bill.

We used to stop twice a day, as a rule, at the rest houses, which were from ten to fifteen miles apart, for our tub and breakfast, and again for dinner. These meals usually consisted of chickens, eggs, and chupatties, or unleavened bread, and we did full justice to them.

After ordering our meals, a stampede of fowls and chickens was to be seen, with all the servants of the bungalow in hot pursuit. Those necessary

for our meal having been caught, or knocked over with sticks, were promptly killed, plucked with the assistance of scalding hot water, cooked, and served either in curry, as cutlets, or grilled. The cooks sometimes produce a dish called by them chicken beefsteak, which is simply a boned chicken fried with onions.

We seldom had more than half-an-hour to wait for our dinner, and as a rule would continue our journey after a rest of an hour and a half or two hours. On one occasion when the meal was a longer time than usual before being served, and a complaint was made to that effect, the head man's excuse was "*Haramzada murghi pakarna nahin deta !!*" (Anglicè, "The base-born fowl would not allow itself to be caught.")

For the first day or two we enjoyed the journey, but after that it became very monotonous, cooped up as we were, and obliged to lie down continuously night and day. The heat was very great; it rained almost without cessation, and in consequence we often had to close the door and wooden window (there was no glass) on one side of the gharrie to save our bedding and ourselves from getting wet. At first we used to get out and assist by turning the wheels in getting the ponies to start, but we found such a difficulty in getting inside again after

the start, and we carried in with us such dirty boots, that we soon gave that up.

All along the road were to be seen half-starved cattle nibbling the green young grass, which the recent setting in of the rains had brought up, for which the poor beasts had been hungering for many months. Pretty little grey squirrels were running along the road from tree to tree, with their long feathery tails curled over their backs. But we had to keep our heads well inside the gharrie out of range of the splashes from the wheels. At night, darkness was made hideous by the howling of jackals and croaking of huge bull-frogs.

We at last reached Benares, where I regretted to have to part with my friend, who had much further to go to join his corps. I duly joined the regiment to which I was to be temporarily attached, and shared a bungalow with four other young officers.

There were some thirty or forty ensigns like myself attached to do duty with the three native infantry regiments at Benares, viz. the 42nd, 50th, and 67th, where we remained until the periodical permanent posting to regiments was gazetted.

Time passed pleasantly enough. We had drill very early in the mornings when it did not rain, while in the afternoons we went hunting jackals with our dogs. These hunts generally ended

triumphantly for the jackals, but they afforded us great fun. The awful headers some of us used to go into ditches and swamps; the fighting among themselves of the loose horses, the beasts always seeming to consider that these opportunities of tearing each other to pieces were never to be lost; the battles among the dogs when no jackal was in view, for they were all strangers to each other, and, as a rule, mongrels of the first water—helped to keep up the excitement. Our return home was quite a sight, for we usually were covered with mud and drenched with rain. When we started we were dressed in nice clean white suits.

A jackal is a cowardly, carnivorous animal, something in appearance between a fox and a wolf. I have only heard of one instance of its attacking a man, and that was quite uncalled for. An officer of a crack Bengal cavalry regiment was returning from the mess-tent to his own one night, when a jackal sprang at him and bit him, immediately making off. Such an occurrence was so unusual and unheard of, it was feared that the beast was mad, but no ill effects happened from the bite.

They are very cunning beasts. On my returning from shooting to camp one evening, a jackal was running along a pathway near the road I was on.

I, wanting to empty my gun, fired at it at a distance of thirty yards. The jackal dropped, apparently dead. I went up to examine the wound, lifting the beast partly up by the tail to turn him over, and left him for dead, thinking it odd that a charge of No. 6 shot should have been so effective at that distance. After having gone some thirty or forty yards away, I looked round and, to my astonishment, saw the jackal with his head turned in my direction watching me. I presented my gun again at him; both barrels being empty, I did not fire. Down went the head, and on my going away from him further he jumped up and ran away, apparently unhurt. The only injury I could find that he had suffered from the shot was a few holes through his ears and a cut across his nose. They are very noisy at night, and even in the heart of Calcutta keep new arrivals awake by their weird howls.

After some three months at Benares the postings came out, and I found myself gazetted to the 60th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry, then stationed at Banda. On joining, I found that the corps was about to march for Umballah, a station in the Punjab, distant from Banda 436 miles.

A long march in India in the cold season is most enjoyable. Dinner is soon after sunset, in order that the large mess-tent may be struck and started

off with all the mess property before tattoo for the next encamping-ground, where, on arrival next morning, it is found pitched and the table laid for breakfast.

This arrangement necessitates early to bed, which is just as well, for we have to turn out very early, the first bugle sounding from three to four o'clock in the morning, according to the length of the march before us.

These marches vary from ten to fourteen miles; some few are shorter, and some longer, but these are exceptional.

As soon as the first bugle sounds—the camp having until then been wrapped in dead silence, which is stringently enforced—a regular babel ensues. The hammering of tent-pegs; men calling out to the camel-drivers; camels roaring and moaning; men of the rear-guard hurrying up every one, for they have to wait on the ground until the last camel and bullock cart has left, and they accompany the last during the whole march.

I have known rear-guards on an ordinary march to be eighteen hours on the road, which was in a terribly bad state, and our transport consisted of small carts drawn by wretched bullocks.

All this striking of tents, loading of carts and camels is done in the dark. Perhaps a fire is to

be seen here and there surrounded by men ready dressed and waiting for the bugle to sound the "fall in." When this bugle sounds the tumult diminishes. Officers and men find their way to the main road in front of the camp, where the regiment will be drawn up.

Not, however, without some mishap is this goal always reached. Often have I run up against a camel, put my foot into some hole that had formed part of a native's cooking-place, or stumbled over a bundle of bedding dropped off a camel.

Having "fallen in," the regiment receives the order, "Quick march," the band strikes up, and one feels in better humour. On the order to "march at ease," pipes and cigars are lighted, and talking commences. Daylight appears; then the coffee-shop, which had been sent on with the mess property the night before, and left by the mess-man at a place as near half-way to the new camping-ground as good and abundant drinking water was to be found.

There on the ground, as for a picnic, the *chottha haziri*, or "little breakfast," is laid out on a table-cloth, to which repast one and all do ample justice. Half-an-hour is generally allowed for the halt, and on the corps marches again to the enlivening strains of the band.

Off the road herds of antelope are sometimes to be seen. I have on more than one occasion seen a herd bounding along parallel to the regiment for some distance, when suddenly they seemed to make up their minds to cross the road, and did so close in front of the band. Once I saw most of a herd pass between the band and the leading company.

Presently exclamations of "There's the dueg buegy" are heard. This is a native kettle-drum which a camp follower, sitting by the side of the road, beats at the distance of some six hundred yards from the new ground. This drum can be heard a long way off; it gives notice to the villagers around that a regiment is coming, and thus an opportunity is afforded them of selling milk, vegetables, fowls, etc., etc., while the regiment learns that it is near the march's end.

Tired and footsore men cheer up, and a general stepping out can be observed. On arrival, the regiment is drawn up, reports of men fallen out, etc., are made, and all are dismissed. Officers and men are generally white with dust. This, however, is soon got rid of, and within half-an-hour the mess-tent is full of men tubbed, comfortably dressed, and pitching into a good breakfast.

After breakfast, if any good reports concerning

game have been received, a number of officers will sally forth in search of it.

Having reached Umballah, we soon settled down comfortably. The following cold season we joined in the first camp of exercise that ever took place in India, I believe. I enjoyed it immensely.

CHAPTER II

At Umballah—The Mutiny—Defending the Bell of Arms—Unrest and alarms—The Delhi Field Force—Arrival at Paneeput—Ordered to Rohtuck—Incident at the well—Adventure with a sepoy—At Rohtuck—More alarms.

A FEW months after the breaking up of the camp, on Sunday, May 10, 1857, the native troops at Delhi, Meerut, Umballah, and other stations mutinied. In many instances the men murdered their British officers, their wives, and children with great and inhuman barbarity. In some cases little children were thrown up in the air and caught on the bayonets of the sepoys before their poor mothers' eyes, who were themselves brutally treated, and mutilated before being murdered.

The mutiny of every regiment of the Bengal Army was arranged to take place on May 10, a Sunday, when the mutineers calculated on having the advantage of catching the British soldiers in church without their arms, ammunition, and horses, and of being able to massacre them as they came out.

But very fortunately, in consequence of the hot

weather having well set in, the evening service on that particular Sunday was at Meerut held half-an-hour later than was usual. Before the 60th Rifles had entered the church sounds of musketry were heard; the "alarm" and "assembly" were sounded, and the troops rushed off for their arms, so that when the 3rd Bengal Cavalry galloped down on their way to the church they found the Rifles on parade armed.

The month of May was chosen because it was one of the hottest months of the year, and the conspirators considered that those who escaped the massacre would succumb from sunstroke and exposure.

Luckily for us, the natives of India had little confidence in each other, and some of the regiments, before committing themselves, waited to hear whether other corps had already done so. Consequently, instead of the mutiny sweeping the British off the face of Bengal, as was intended, it caused a series of events, of disastrous nature enough, to occur, but on different days, at different stations, with short and long intervals between, which gave us opportunities of assembling, combining for defence, and of sending information to Bombay, Calcutta, England, and other places.

In less than a month a force had marched from Umballah to besiege Delhi, and had fought its first

fight with the mutineers at Badlee Ke Serai on June 8, when the rebels were beaten, and pursued almost up to the city walls.

Delhi was the great rendezvous for all the mutinied regiments and scum of India, where they hived, to use an expressive term, and were kept from further mischief by our siege, which they fruitlessly tried to raise from June 8 until September 14, the day we assaulted and entered the town.

On Sunday, May 10, my regiment, the 60th B.N.I., mutinied, and broke into the bells of arms. Each company had one to itself, in which the sepoys deposited, after each parade and duty, their muskets, bayonets, belts, and pouches, which contained twenty or thirty rounds of ammunition, I forget which. These were kept under lock and key.

My pay-havildar, or sergeant, appeared breathless at my bungalow at about 10 a.m., and reported to me that the sepoys had mutinied, and were breaking open the bells of arms. The old gentleman begged me to ride down at once to the lines. I mounted my horse and galloped down, making at once for the centre bell of arms of the five contained in the block belonging to the right wing of the regiment, for it belonged to No. 2 Company, of which I was in charge, as the captain was on furlough in England.

I at once saw that I was only just in time, for the Grenadiers and No. 3 Company had broken into theirs, were putting on their belts, and had their muskets in their hands. I pushed through a crowd of men and turned a number of sepoys of No. 2 Company away from the door of their bell of arms.

If fierce looks could have killed me I should have been a dead man, perhaps I should say boy, on the spot. The door of No. 2 Company was inside a portico, which the others had not. This portico served as a sentry-box for the sentry, who was always posted over the block of five.

I thrust myself into this, and putting my back against the door, defended it. I implored the men not to disgrace the company as others had done theirs. I heard the door of No. 1 Company burst open and the men shout.

Men of the Grenadiers and other companies with fixed bayonets came up and yelled insolently to me "to come out." Others were loading their muskets, and one man said, "All right, I will shoot you there." I told him that if he did he would blow the whole place up, for the ammunition inside would explode. Luckily for me he believed it, and with an oath came down to the "ready."

THE TUSSLE AT THE BELL OF ARMS.

One man lowered his bayonet and said to me, "Come out or I will bayonet you." The sentry, quite a young lad, stood in front of the portico, apparently stupefied. I ordered him to come down to the charge position and help me defend the door. He instantly obeyed, and as quickly was knocked over, disarmed, and disappeared.

The man, with his bayonet lowered, approached nearer to me, threatening as before. I was making up my mind to spring at him and possess myself of his musket and bayonet, when the old pay-sergeant appeared on the scene. He forced himself to me, and, knocking the bayonet down, said, "I am a Brahmin, you will first have to kill me, then the lieutenant, and then you will get this door open."

Killing a Brahmin, or man of the priest caste, is looked upon as sacrilege by Hindus. The old gentleman put himself in front of me. The loaded muskets were lowered, and the sergeant said to me, "Do not you argue with them, sahib; let me." A tall, dark-complexioned sepoy, with whom I had often practised wrestling and single-stick in the regimental sports shed, with his bayonet fixed and musket at the trail, caught hold of the pay-sergeant's arm and tried to pull him out of the portico, saying, "I am a Brahmin too; come out of this." I seized the musket and bayonet out of the man's hand, and

we pushed him out. I shall never forget the man's look as he abused me. He rushed up to another sepoy and seized his loaded musket. The pay-sergeant, calling the man by his name (he was a Tewarrie, but the other name I forget), asked him, "What are you going to do?" Other sepoys shouted to him, and I heard the word "Magazine." It was evident they feared an explosion if the man fired at me.

At this moment Colonel Drought appeared on the scene. He called out, "What is all this about, my children?" The men congregated round him; the dark man went too. The good old pay-sergeant said to me, "*Buch gea, sahib!*" (Anglicè, "We have escaped, sir!")

The colonel, on seeing me, called me up to him. The sergeant said, "Go, sir; I will guard the door." I gave him the musket and bayonet and went to the colonel, the sepoys making way for me.

They were pointing to a troop of Horse Artillery, manned by Englishmen, and complaining that they were turned out to fire on the regiment, giving this as the reason for their behaviour. It was just the other way; the troop turned out in consequence of their mutinying.

The colonel asked me if I had got my horse, and on my answering in the affirmative, he ordered me

to ride up to the officer commanding the troop and to beg of him not to bring his guns down, as the men dreaded their appearance on parade, and he feared that it would drive them to mutiny!

After delivering this message, I told the officer the actual mutinous state of things. He then withdrew his troop behind a barrack out of sight of our men. I galloped back to the colonel, and, on my reaching him, the sepoys shouted out, "Bravo, Walker Sahib!" And these were the villains who a few minutes before were abusing me and threatening my life!

I looked towards the pay-sergeant. There he was, doing sentry-go over the portico. He smiled at me, and I shouted (I could not help it), "*Shabash kote, havildar!*" or, "Bravo, pay-sergeant!" The bell of arms of No. 2 Company was the only one of the ten of the regiment that had not been broken open and robbed of arms and ammunition. I have a certificate to that effect from the colonel himself.

Other officers of the regiment had appeared on the scene, and the men commenced to return their arms and accoutrements. So ended the awful May 10, 1857, so far as my regiment was concerned.

Incendiarism was rife all over the station, and had

been for some days. Private bungalows, empty European barracks, even the sepoys' huts were set fire to, causing alarm and anxiety by day and by night.

On the afternoon of the 10th five or six of us were having lunch with Captain Hay, of the regiment. In the middle of it we were all startled by an ominous sound. We jumped up simultaneously from the table, exclaiming, "That's a magazine blown up!" We rushed out, and, not seeing anything, sent men to inquire. They returned saying that no explosion had occurred in the station. We afterwards discovered that at the very time we heard the explosion the Delhi magazine was blown up by Lieutenant Willoughby, of the Bengal Artillery, who was in charge of it, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Delhi mutineers, a great number of whom were killed by the explosion. I believe that is what we heard, although the distance is one hundred and ten miles.

Another regiment of Native Infantry, the 5th, mutinied and seized their arms in the afternoon, but returned them. Their lines, or huts, were next to the 60th N.I.

The following day my regiment was ordered to parade, when the General Officer, Sir Henry Barnard, addressed the men. He told them he

had heard of all that had occurred, and as he felt sure that it arose from groundless excitement on the men's part, he would overlook it, but ordered the two colours to be brought forward and the regiment to pass them in single file, each man to kiss both colours. This was part of the ceremony they had gone through as recruits when sworn in, meaning loyalty and fidelity.

This performance having been gone through, the regiment was reformed and dismissed. We were afterwards told by spectators that after kissing the colours, and going a short way past them, each sepoy spat on the ground, which among Asiatics means contempt and scorn.

After this, to show the great confidence the British officers placed in their men, we were ordered to sleep at night on the roads between the huts. I used to see the sepoys all night long dodging from one hut to another. I could hear the rattle of ramrods as they loaded some muskets, and as it became day-break the pops caused by the extraction of the cartridges. Although unpleasant, it was exciting work, although reclining on my bed kept me awake, while my confidence in the sepoys kept my hand on my Tranters' revolver. One night I was awakened by the bugler sounding the alarm, for a fire had broken out in our lines. I could not have

been asleep more than a minute, I think; it was a frightfully hot night. I doubled down to the sepoy's hut which was on fire. The property was being rescued by the man by whom the hut was occupied and his friends. Seeing some cooking-pots still inside, I rushed in and brought them out. I handed them over to the owner, who threw them on the ground, exclaiming insolently, "What can I do with these now?" meaning that, he being a Hindu, my touch had defiled them. This I knew was all nonsense; they could have been purified according to their custom. Cooking-pots are made of brass, and are looked upon by natives as very valuable property.

This sort of thing went on until about May 22, by which time the 75th Queen's Regiment, and the 1st and 2nd European Bengal Fusiliers had arrived from the hills, where they had been stationed at Kussowlie, Dugshai, and Subathoo. H.M. 9th Lancers and several troops of European Bengal Horse Artillery were in Umballah. These troops formed the nucleus of what was afterwards called "The Delhi Field Force," which soon commenced its march for Delhi. My regiment marched with it, but the men's behaviour on the march caused so much distrust and disgust that on the arrival of the force at Paneeput the corps was ordered off to

UNAPPRECIATED ASSISTANCE.

Rohtuck, ostensibly to collect revenue, but to free the force of a dangerous element.

The 60th then numbered thirteen British officers, a European sergeant-major, a number of Eurasian bandsmen, and about 900 rank and file.

The night before we left Paneeput, we British officers were entertained at dinner by the officers of the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers, who thought, as we did ourselves, that we were going to certain death, and when our healths were drank we were assured that they would erect a monument to our memories. A number of us had been at the Honourable East India Company's military college, Addiscombe, at the same time as many of them, and some of the young officers quite recently, and although we knew very well that our chances of ever again seeing other white faces than our own were slight, it did not spoil our dinners, or the fun of the evening.

With regret and disappointment at the idea of not joining, as we thought, in the attack on Delhi, we marched out of Paneeput at an early hour the following morning for Rohtuck, a town some fifty or sixty miles east of Paneeput. As we marched through the city the British officers were treated with jeers, and in several instances with stones or brickbats. A new commanding officer, Colonel T.

Seaton, afterwards Sir Thomas Seaton, K.C.B., had joined us just before we left Umballah. While on the march to Rohtuck we struck on a road on which a mutinied regiment, "The Hurrianah Light Infantry," had just marched *en route* for Delhi. So eager were they to get out of our way, luckily for us, that they left a quantity of their baggage at the cross roads. Our colonel halted us, and explained to the men that as this was the property of murderers and mutineers they might help themselves to it. Not a thing was touched, which we looked upon as a bad sign.

On another day's march, at the half-way halt, one of the sepoys, a recruit, dropped his lotah, a brass drinking-vessel, down a well when drawing water. On the bugle sounding the "fall in," the men refused to do so, giving as an excuse that the man could not go without his lotah. Colonel Seaton, who could read their thoughts, as it were, went up to the well, and asked the lad how much the lotah had cost him. On his replying "four rupees," the colonel took that sum out of his pocket and, handing it over, said, "Here you are; buy another one, and let the poor villagers have your old one." The lad smiled and pocketed the money. Then the colonel, turning towards the men, said, "Now that is settled, fall in." The whole regiment did so at

once. They were foiled in getting an excuse for another mutiny. If the usual method of enforcing discipline had been attempted, the well would probably have been our (the officers') tomb.

Two days before reaching Rohtuck I was officer of the rear-guard, and as the bullock carts conveying the baggage travelled very slowly, as usual, I went off the road to shoot some hares, which were plentiful. I had just shot one when I heard the click of a musket lock behind me. I swung round, and there was a sepoy with his musket at "full cock." I levelled my gun at his head and ordered him to "ground arms," that is, to place his musket on the ground, which he did. I then ordered him to take his belts off and give me his cap pouch, which I pocketed. Then I directed him to "right about turn." I fired his musket off, which was loaded with ball, made him carry it in his left hand, with his belts in his right, and marched him in front of me into camp. It was lucky for me that I killed, instead of only wounding, that hare, for I should have emptied my second barrel and been at the man's mercy. On the way he begged forgiveness, saying that he had only left the rear-guard to shoot hares; but as he was a Brahmin, or of high caste, this would have been against his caste rules, besides, such men are never sportsmen. The colonel

was going to try him by court-martial next day, but he escaped from the guard during the night, and was never seen or heard of again.

After reaching Rohtuck our time passed rather slowly. We were encamped near an empty gaol, and on a piece of ground surrounded by a deep artificial ditch over which were only two bridges. Many exciting events occurred, however. One day the subadar-major, the senior native officer (there were twenty in all), reported to Colonel Seaton that the men intended to mutiny that night and murder the officers, but that there were a number of faithful men who would try and prevent it. The colonel called us all up, and informed us of what had been reported to him. He concluded by saying, "Now, gentlemen, what do you intend or wish to do?" "Stick to you, sir," replied one and all in a breath. "I shall stick to the regiment as long as feasible," said the colonel. He then asked who was orderly officer of the day. I replied that I was. He ordered me at once to visit all the guards. I did so and found several men absent from their guards, it being just about dusk. I reported this, and ordered the sergeant-major to send other men to replace the absentees.

On returning to my tent, I found my servant taking my bed over to the doctor's tent, the largest

in camp. On going over there, I found all the officers, except the colonel and Shebbeare, the adjutant, assembled, their beds having also been brought there. It was for mutual protection and defence, and would enable us to make a good fight of it if attacked. Shebbeare and the colonel were going to sleep in the latter's tent just opposite.

We dined as usual in the mess-tent, and during dinner the Abdar, or man in charge of the wines, reported that there was only one bottle of beer left. We decided that this should then and there be put up to auction. It was knocked down to the doctor, Surgeon-Major Keates, for six rupees—twelve shillings in those days—amid our fun and laughter.

After mess, I had again to visit the guards, and found the whole of the rear-guard intently listening to the reports of big guns. I heard them distinctly, and we also saw flashes. Delhi from Rohtuck by road is distant fifty miles. It was supposed to be guns fired from the ridge to encourage mutineers, and raise rebellion.

On returning to the doctor's tent I found that all the officers had turned into bed. We chatted away until one by one we fell off to sleep. I was facing an open part of the tent and saw two sentries meet. After conversing for a minute or two, they commenced to perform the bayonet exercise. The

objects of their points no doubt they wished were their officers.

I was aroused by another officer, Captain Green, calling my name. He told me there was a row in the men's tents. I got up and listened, but it had entirely ceased. I went towards the sergeant-major's tent to inquire about it, but met the native officer of the day, who told me that there had been a call of "thief" in the city, but everything was quiet in camp. I returned to my tent and slept until daylight. We were told that the noise was caused by the bad characters of the regiment jumping up to attack and murder us. The faithful men, however, were too sharp for them, and jumped up too. The former at once gave up the project, and a dead silence ensued. The *emeute* had failed. So ended that eventful day.

CHAPTER III

Mutiny of the 60th N.I.—Escape of the officers—Adventures on the way to Delhi—Arrival—Joins the 2nd European Bengal Fusiliers —The siege—The 23rd of June—Heat and thirst—Death of Lieut. Jackson—The ex-parson—Melody and the spy—Siege games.

On June 8, in the afternoon, five of us, the junior officers of the regiment, went out shooting, and were just about to return to camp when we met some of the bandsmen, who were escaping from it. They told us that the corps had mutinied and murdered all the officers, and that a company was coming out to hunt us up. We met others who corroborated the report. We youngsters were well up in the topography of the Rohtuck District, having studied the map well. After a few minutes' consultation we made for the Delhi road, determining to ride along it towards the camp, hoping to pick up some of the other officers. To our delight we found them all on the road unhurt, except the sergeant-major, who had been shot through the arm. All the officers except Lieut.-Colonel R. Drought had got their horses; Doctor Keates had even brought away his dogcart, in which he had for some days

kept his valuables. The sergeant-major was seated on the dogcart, his arm having been bound up.

We felt as if we had got free from chains of bondage, for we were convinced that sooner or later the men would mutiny, and equally sure that we should never be employed as a regiment in quelling the mutiny, for the authorities would never trust the men.

After a few minutes' delay, during which the colonel was in conversation with some of the men who had remained faithful to us, we five juniors started on our ride to join the Delhi Field Force. We soon got ahead of all the others, delighted at the idea of our emancipation, and eager to get on. The road was fearfully dusty, for not a drop of rain had fallen for months, and the heat was intense. We were soon begrimed with dust and parched with thirst, as were our horses, although we had not ridden them fast. The inhabitants of the villages which were on the roadside as we passed freely expressed their hatred of us, and after passing one village we had a shot fired at us.

We did not feel strong enough to enter these villages and demand water, although much in need of it. At last we came upon two small huts by the roadside; near these there was a well. But what

is the use of a well without a bucket? We determined to demand water, and called up the inmates. An old man appeared and readily drew water for us. After we had satiated our own thirsts, we watered our horses. The old man was very inquisitive about us, so we told him we were going shooting. I gave him two rupees out of four I had brought with me to pay the coolies we had hoped to get (but did not) to beat the jungle for us for the previous afternoon's shooting. He was most grateful, and as we rode on prayed that God would keep us safe.

It was about eleven o'clock p.m., I think, when we heard a horse trotting on the road ahead of and towards us. We soon made out the rider to be a native trooper, so we drew up in line across the road, with Ensign T. Dayrell, owner of the only revolver amongst us, in the centre. We had given our guns to the bandsmen to protect themselves with. We challenged the trooper, who drew up, replying "Friend." He told us that he belonged to Hodson's Horse, and that he had a letter from Hodson for the colonel of the 60th N.I.

This was to us joyous news. We told him where he would find the colonel, and plied him with questions as regards the news at Delhi. He was a Sikh, and I have often seen him since as a native

officer, one of the noble Hodson's most trusted men. He gave us a description of the first battle fought against the mutineers at "Badlee Ke Serai," and how they had been beaten and driven into the city. He described to us where The Delhi Field Force was encamped, viz. on the Rohtuck side of a ridge of low hills which screened the camp from Delhi. He gave us information regarding the road we had before us, and the last caution he gave us was that a regiment or two of mutineers were encamped about three miles ahead of us on our right of the road, and close to it. He advised us, too, as soon as we saw the tents to leave the road and get away into the jungle to our left, and pass quietly on as he himself had done.

We had not gone much more than a mile when we reached a town, and here the road bifurcated, and we did not know which way to take. Presently at the bifurcation we discovered an armed man, evidently a sentry. We asked him which was the road to Delhi; he pointed out the one to our right, and we accordingly took it. We had not followed it far when something roused our suspicions. The road narrowed, and we heard some men shouting. So we turned back, and found that the sentry had disappeared. We then followed the other road.

Soon after, some instrument that sounded somewhat like a cavalry trumpet was sounded. We made for the cover of some jungle on the opposite side of the road, and rode parallel to it. After listening attentively, and not hearing any other sound, we made for the road again and rode along it.

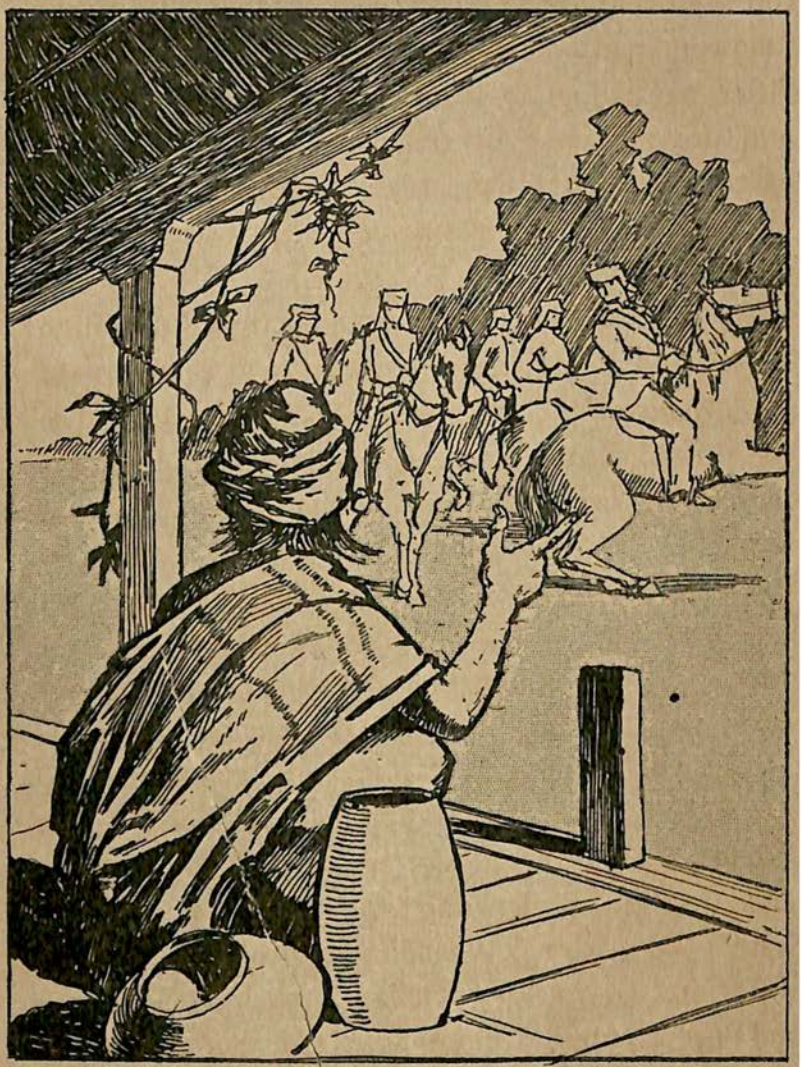
We had hardly ridden a mile when, right in front of us, the straight white lines of the tents of the mutineers burst into view. There was a bright moon shining, and it was really a pretty scene. We struck off silently to our left into the bushes, seeking the cover they afforded. We had a splendid view of the camp. We heard and saw the relief of sentries take place, the men's bayonets glistening like streaks of silver. The challenges of the sentries and replies of the relief were quite audible. The camp was well pitched in perfectly straight lines, which we could well and clearly see as we passed each row. I really enjoyed this part of the ride. I can only compare my feelings then as they had often been before, and have been since, when stalking deer or other wily game.

When well past the camp we found the road again with some little difficulty, and followed it until it struck on to a canal and ran along its bank. We were told by Hodson's orderly that we had to cross

this canal over a stone bridge, but we rode on and on until it appeared we were never going to reach it. On the other side of the canal we could see a ridge of low hills, and what appeared to us a large number of white tents. We were passing them; indeed, we passed them, and seemed to be going further away from them.

This was the most trying part of the whole ride. Our horses were fatigued, and it is miserable work riding a jaded nag. Three of our party were very sleepy, so we agreed to rest for half-an-hour that they might have some sleep and the horses a rest. Ensign Charles Dayrell and I determined to keep awake and on the *qui vive;* the three others were in a very short space of time fast asleep. The exposures and hardships he endured during the siege of Delhi, I may here say, killed my fellow-watcher, who was a very promising young officer, a charming companion, and a very general favourite.

For half-an-hour we chatted away about past and passing events, and then, rousing up our sleeping companions, we remounted, continuing our ride along this now to us hateful and obstructing canal. We had not gone far before we were challenged by a mutineer sentry. We replied "Friend," and went on, making our pace faster. We passed within ten



"CHILDREN, DO NOT GO THAT WAY."

yards of him. He was posted under the shadow of the trees running along the side of the road we were following, and was as much astonished as we were. After we had gone some distance he shouted out, and was answered by some men posted in a clump of trees at about one hundred yards behind him. We neither heard nor saw any more of him or his friends.

At last we came to the bridge, crossed it in high spirits, and found that a little beyond it the road again bifurcated. At the angle was a house, and in the verandah an old fakeer, or religious recluse, was performing his morning ablutions. It was getting daylight. We asked the old man which road led to the English camp. He told us the left; but as we had been told wrong before, and as we had seen what we took for the tents when riding along the canal, we determined to follow the road to our right.

The old fakeer called out to us, "Children! do not go that way; you will certainly be killed." He entreated us over and over again, and the more he called out to us the more determined we were to ignore his advice. We had not gone far before we rode into a suburb of Delhi, Paharipore. It was full of mutineers. They jumped up from beds which were on both sides of the road, and tumbled out of verandahs of houses on the roadside; in fact we

were in a nest of them. They were as astonished to see us as we were them.

On reaching the top of an ascent we saw the fortifications of Delhi in front of, and about half-a-mile from us. I recognized the Lahore Gate of the city and the open space in front, on which the 60th were encamped some two and a half years before on our march up to Umballah. I knew that the Cashmere Gate, in front of which, the ridge of hills intervening, Hodson's orderly had told us the Delhi Field Force was encamped, was to our left. I explained this to my companions, who acknowledged that the old fakeer had been advising us for the best. To have ridden back would have meant certain death, for the mutineers were thoroughly aroused.

I espied a branch lane running off to the left, which looked as if it would lead us towards the road we had refused to take, and out of the crowd of mutineers. We at once determined to follow it. Meeting a young sepoy, we stopped him, and showing him the pistol ordered him to take us to the road leading to the Cashmere Gate. He willingly did so through narrow lanes until we reached it. He took us towards the camp, and showed us a sentry of the 2nd Goorkhas, then the camp itself. We passed the dead charger of Colonel

Chester, the Adjutant-General, who was killed on the 8th. We thanked and dismissed the sepoy, to whom I gave the two rupees I had left out of the four. He begged hard to be allowed to remain with us, but we refused him, and I have felt sorry ever since that we did so.

Soon after entering the camp we met the General, Sir Henry Barnard. Being the senior of the party, I went up to him and reported the mutiny of the regiment, and the safety, we hoped, of all the other officers. The General replied that he never expected to see one of us again, and expressed his joy at our escape. We went straight to the tents of the 1st Fusiliers, where we were enthusiastically received and right hospitably treated.

The camp we thought we saw when riding along the canal turned out to be white rocks and stones, which in the bright moonlight looked whiter than they really were. It was fortunate for us, therefore, that we could not cross the canal, for we should have ridden to our destruction. Colonel Seaton and the other officers arrived safely with Hodson's orderly later in the day, escaping all the dangerous experiences we had passed through.

We, the officers of the defunct 60th Bengal Infantry, were during the day attached to different regiments in camp for duty. I was posted to the

2nd European Bengal Fusiliers, to which gallant regiment, now the 2nd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, I afterwards permanently belonged.

The four officers who accompanied me in the ride from Rohtuck were Ensigns Charles and Thomas Dayrell (brothers), A. Murray, and P. Dalmahoy. Ensign T. Dayrell, if I remember right, passed through Delhi travelling by gharrie on May 9, escaping the mutiny and massacre there by only a few hours. *He had lately arrived from England.*

On the morning after our reaching the camp, June 12, the "alarm" and "assembly" sounded early. These two bugle calls we heard constantly during the siege. We at once fell in under arms, and hastened up to the attacked part of our position, which was the Flag Staff, where a picket of two companies of the 75th Regiment, now the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders, and two guns were resisting a formidable attack of the enemy. The officer commanding the picket had been killed. We were extended in skirmishing order, drove the enemy, who had advanced on their right beyond the picket, down over the ridge into an estate surrounded by a high wall, and known as Metcalfe's *compound.* Lieutenant T. Cadell of my regiment won the Victoria Cross on this occasion. On entering the gate there was a dead cavalryman

of the enemy's, and as I had no sword I appropriated his. It was a curved native tulwar, a heavy and awkward weapon. Making a cut with these weapons, as we are accustomed to make them, nearly breaks one's wrist.

After the regiment had entered the compound we extended again, our bugles sounded "left shoulders forward," or "right wheel." (This is the only time I have seen a whole regiment wheel as a company.) We then advanced parallel to, and with our left resting on, the river Jumna, and drove the enemy right back into the town.

Then were established the two pickets known as the "stable" and "cow-shed" pickets, so named from the buildings having been Sir Theophilus Metcalfe's stables and cow-sheds. Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, the owner of this large estate, was Commissioner of Delhi when the mutiny broke out, and escaped, as will be presently related.

On returning to camp I came across a poor wounded lad of the 2nd Fusiliers sitting up against a bridge smoking his pipe. I asked him where he was wounded; he replied, "Right in the stomach, sir," and he showed me the hole in his tunic made by the ball. He, on a dooly or hospital litter being brought up, got into it, and was taken off to hospital, where he died within two hours. He could not

have been more than seventeen or eighteen years of age. He did not seem to suffer much pain; indeed, he told me so when I expressed my astonishment at his being able to smoke his pipe.

On arrival at the mess-tent for breakfast I found it full to overflowing, a great number of refugees being sheltered there. These, some of whom were English and some Eurasians, were mostly men who held Government appointments in the district around Delhi, and had been obliged to leave their posts and seek protection in camp. Many had escaped with simply the clothes they had on their backs, and had to sleep as well as live in the mess-tent, having nowhere else to go.

I was permitted to purchase an English cavalry sabre from the quartermaster's stores of H.M. 9th Lancers, which, although heavier than my old infantry sword, then probably in possession of a mutineer—for of course it was looted with all my other property at Rohtuck—was a far handier weapon than the tulwar.

The next event that I chiefly recollect took place on June 23, although between the 12th and that date the alarm was constantly sounded and fighting took place, but the 23rd was a record day. We sustained a determined attack by the enemy in great force, the Mahometans having sworn on the

Koran, the Bible of the Mahometans, to take our camp. It had been prophesied by astrologers that the British rule was to last only one hundred years, counting from June 23, 1757, the date on which Clive won the great battle of Plassey, and it was to fulfil this prophecy the great effort was made. The 23rd was also a great day among Hindus and Mahometans in 1857.

The alarm and assembly sounded early. My regiment was ordered up sharp to the ridge, where we halted at the Observatory picket. From there my company, No. 1, under command of Lieutenant Jackson, was detached to Hindu Rao's house, a post held in strength throughout the siege by the 2nd Goorkhas, the Guide Infantry, and two companies of the 60th Rifles, the whole under command of Major C. Reid (now General Sir Charles Reid, G.C.B.), of the 2nd Goorkhas. There were also in battery the heaviest guns we had in camp, though as a matter of fact the enemy had far heavier guns, that they found in the magazine, than we had until the siege train arrived from the Punjab, in the first week of September I think it was.

Hindu Rao's house was the right of our position during the siege; the river Jumna was the left. The enemy, besides delivering a frontal attack, occupied the Subzi Mundi, a suburb of the city, and

from it delivered a reverse fire on Hindu Rao's house and the right battery.

My company was ordered to advance in skirmishing order down the ridge towards the Subzi Mundi to keep the enemy in check and their fire down. At the end of the slope were the first houses of the suburb. Out we went and descended the hill. Having got within range of our muskets we were halted, and taking cover behind slabs of rock and big stones, opened fire on the enemy, who kept well under cover, but ceased to advance. Some, indeed, who had advanced under cover of rocks and stones quickly retired.

No welcome clouds appeared to screen us from the fierce rays of what our men called "the niggers' best friend." We became uncomfortably warm, then disagreeably hot; and later on, from the heat of the stones on which we were lying and the scorching sun above us, we were nearly baked. The two company's bhesties—men who carry water for the men in large goatskins—had served out all they had, went for more, and never returned.

The men were calling out for water and ammunition, having expended all their cartridges. Lieutenant Jackson ordered me to go up to Hindu Rao's house to ask Major Reid to send us both, and to explain how we were circumstanced. Many of our men

were unconscious, suffering from sunstroke, before I left the company.

On leaving the cover of the rocks to ascend the hill, I was the only man the enemy could see, and they immediately paid me marked attention. Their bullets went "hist, hist!" past my ears; the rocks were splintered all round my feet; I felt that I could shake them out of my hair. How the idiots missed me I can never make out, and I thanked my stars that they had not been put through a musketry course.

I reached Hindu Rao's house and gave my message to Major Reid, who kindly promised to do what he could for the company at once. I was then invited into the combined mess-room of the Goorkhas, Guides, and 60th Rifles, and had a refreshing drink. I may mention hearing that on their mess-table, although I do not think I saw them, the following mottoes were cut: "Celer et audax" for the 60th; "Stout and Steady" for the Goorkhas; and "Ready, aye Ready" for the Guides.

I filled my soda-water bottle, a necessary which all officers and men carried (the bottles were covered with leather, and slung diagonally over the shoulder), for a drink for Lieutenant Jackson and as many men as it would go round, and commenced my journey back to my company. I had hardly shown myself over the crest of the ridge than I encountered the fire of the

enemy, heavier apparently than on my ascent. The bullets in most instances struck short, hitting the rocks, splinters of which were flying about me, some ricochetting off with a great noise. When getting close to my company I felt something trickling down my leg. "Wounded at last," I thought to myself, but I was too much taken up picking my footing to be able to glance down even.

On reaching Lieutenant Jackson I told him the result of my interview with Major Reid, and then added, "I have something here for you to drink, and I think I am wounded." I looked at my trowsers, which were quite wet from the hip downwards, and scratched the back of my hand with my broken soda-water bottle. It had been struck by a bullet, and smashed off at the neck. Poor Jackson and some others lost their drinks.

Jackson then ordered us to advance up to the first row of houses, which was promptly done. On the left of the company was a Hindu temple held in strength by the enemy. I was with the right subdivision, which was soon enfiladed from this temple, or "Sammy House," as it was called. I went up to Lieutenant Jackson, who was standing close to it, to tell him that we were suffering from the fire of it on the right. I had hardly made the report than he fell dead at my feet, shot through

POOR JACKSON LOST HIS DRINK.

the head from this very temple. A bandsman then fell almost over him, shot in the calf of the leg —an awful wound, a cut down to the bone as if inflicted by a sword. It bled very freely. I tied my handkerchief tight round, or rather above it, but the poor fellow bled to death. A fine young man he was, and a great favourite. He left a widow, and two or three children.

As we were losing men I ordered a dash across the road which was in front of this first row of houses, and as we crossed it I was rejoiced to see reinforcements for us coming up it from our right, the direction of the camp. My head began to swim, and I dropped insensible from sunstroke. When I returned to consciousness I found myself lying on the ground in the portico of Hindu Rao's house, among a row of men also suffering from sunstroke and exhaustion. We were having water poured over our heads. An hour or so after I felt better, and looked about for some of my men. Eventually I discovered seven men of No. 1 Company able to walk, and having obtained permission from Major Reid, marched this remnant of No. 1 Company back to camp between seven and eight o'clock p.m. It was dark, and we had not had a mouthful of food all day—in fact for twenty-four hours. We had been exposed to the sun, as above

described, all day long. There were no helmets in those days. We had no better protection from the sun than forage caps made of pasteboard, with a small white turban neatly folded round them, with one end hanging down neatly but uselessly behind, with black leather peaks. The men had wadded covers and curtains, which were worse.

This day's work was enough to knock the strongest man up. Just as we were leaving Hindu Rao's house verandah, or rather portico, a loaded musket which some one had placed against the wall fell, or was knocked over. It went off and shot a poor little English bugler boy through the head. The poor lad was lying exhausted on the ground, as were many others. I shall never forget June 23, 1857. The force lost 1 officer and 38 men killed, and 3 officers and 118 men wounded. The enemy lost more than 1,000 men.

On the 25th we were again engaged, and I was a second time knocked down with sunstroke, being for several days on the sick list in consequence. Soon after, being reported well and fit for duty, I was given command of a company, and a very proud day it was for me to command a company of British soldiers in action. I had a splendid colour-sergeant, an Irishman named Melody. Many a time has he made me, and others, roar with

laughter. One evening on the cow-shed picket I gave him some curaçoa in a bottle. There was, I suppose, about a good wine-glass full. He put the bottle to his mouth and emptied it; then, looking down the neck muttered, "By Jove, I wish I could get inside!" On one occasion he overheard one of the men say that he had been told we were running short of ammunition in camp. Melody jumped at him and exclaimed, "We can't run short of bayonets, and that's all we want for the blooming Pandies. Get out with your growls, you spalpeen!"

We subalterns were almost continuously on picket duty during the siege, and, as colour-sergeant, Melody was nearly always with me. The men were allowed an extra dram of grog whenever they had been under fire; this was called "the fighting dram." Several times a spent bullet travelled over the cow-shed picket, making a noise like cats do on the prowl at night in London and Edinburgh, when the men would shout, "Bravo! there's the cat brought the grog!" and a minute or two afterwards, Melody or some non-commissioned officer would appear with the required certificate for me to sign on which the fighting dram could be drawn.

Captains and subalterns did all the picket duty at Delhi with the exception of Major Reid, who never

left Hindu Rao's picket from June 8 to September 14, the day of the assault. The mutual congratulations when we had entered the city were, "Thank God, no more pickets." We subalterns, however, got gate duty instead.

There were men in the 2nd Fusiliers who had been officers in line regiments; there was an ex-lawyer, and an ex-parson. The latter was in my company, and we used to have long talks together. He told me that he had become a parson against his will, and had married against his father's, who, in consequence, when he was drawing a small salary as a curate, cut off the allowance he had made him to enhance it. This left him in very poor circumstances, and to make matters worse his wife was stricken down with a galloping consumption. He appealed, and the doctor appealed, to his father in vain for funds to enable him to take her to Cannes for the benefit of her health. Money had to be procured, and this was done. The poor wife soon died, and he, poor fellow, was a ruined man. After telling me this, he said he had a favour to ask me, which was, that in the event of his being killed, which he had tried to be, and wished to be, I would see that a white pebble that his wife once picked up, and which he wore on a cord round his neck, was buried with him. Of course I made the required

promise, provided I myself was in the land of the living. He was killed at the assault of Delhi. I never saw his body; but as all the men killed were as a rule buried as they fell, it is pretty certain the poor fellow had the valued pebble buried with him.

One young fellow had been an officer in a Highland regiment, and at school with the subaltern of his company; he was such a nice gentlemanly lad. He was severely wounded, and while laid up fretted because his subaltern and old schoolmate was seeing more of the fighting than he was able to. After Delhi fell he was taken by the hand, but did not live long, poor lad. He had a brother an officer in a regiment in the Delhi Field Force.

There were a number of Chinese pigs running about Metcalfe's compound; they had been his property, I believe. One night when I was with my company on the cow-shed picket, a bugler came into my stall and woke me up, saying that there was a "beautiful China pig" close by, and might he shoot it. I refused his request, as, in the first place, a shot would arouse a number of sleepers, and, in the second place, the pig was unfit to eat, as it had been feeding on dead sepoys, or Pandies, as we generally called them. The bugler was much disappointed.

One morning Melody and the camp colour-man of

the company captured a spy. I heard peals of laughter, and went out to see what the joke was. I heard Melody say, "Bedad, you've seen your brigade for the last time, my hearty. You'll never wear your cocked hat again, and here's the officer," he added, as I joined the crowd.

A tall Pandy (sepoy) with a very small amount of clothing on him was in my colour-sergeant's grasp, and behind was the camp colour-man with a bamboo. Melody exclaimed, "Please, sir, we caught this black divil poisoning a well, and he has been spinning us a fine yarn as how his uncle commands a brigade inside Delhi, and he is his brigade-major, but as the quartermaster-general is on the sick list to-day he is doing his outdoor work for him. Please, sir, I'm going to shoot this divil myself, for I have never shot a brigade-major yet, and mayn't live to have another chance."

As soon as the roars of laughter this speech had called forth had subsided, Pandy was marched about to show his paces, and I had to remind Melody of the order just issued to send all prisoners captured by the picket into camp, and that he could not shoot the prisoner. "But he insulted me, sir; he said I was nothing but a *gureeb* poor man," replied the injured Melody. I told him he could take his prisoner into camp at once, report the circumstances,

and make his request there. Now "*gureeb purwah*" (Anglicè, "defender of the poor") is a very common expression of politeness, or rather of respect, among the natives of India, and this was no doubt the expression made use of by the prisoner when pounced on by his captors, and which Melody considered an insult. The man was sent into head-quarters, and next morning as I marched the picket into camp we passed his body hanging from a gallows.

The common fly was a cause of painful annoyance, commencing at daybreak and ending at dark, when the mosquitos commenced their depredations. The flies were in millions; they settled on one's face, hands, head, neck, and ears. I have seen an officer lying asleep with his mouth open, and the flies walking in and out as complacently as possible. It was necessary to keep whirling one hand vigorously around the other while conveying food or drink to the mouth to prevent flies flying in with it.

When several officers happened to be together on a picket, we have played "fly loo," which was played as follows: Each player would place a lump of sugar in front of him, covered over with his pocket-handkerchief, and put one rupee into the pool. At a signal all the handkerchiefs were taken up, and on whosesoever lump of sugar a fly settled first

won the pool. On other occasions we would surround a quantity of sugar with gunpowder, and when well covered with flies they were blown up. These were not intellectual games, but they helped to pass the hot time away.

CHAPTER IV

The siege continued—The fight on June 19—The Irish recruit—Under arrest—On picket at the Flag Staff—Covering the breaching batteries—Death of Lieut. Bannerman—The assault—Blowing open the Cashmere Gate—A European spy.

On June 18, the enemy having taken up a position in the Subzi Mundi and Eed Ghur, a suburb of Delhi on the Umballah road, a column was sent out to attack them. There was some nasty street fighting, as they had established themselves in the houses which were on each side of the road. We had partially cleared them out when their cavalry appeared coming up the road. At first moving slowly, they at last broke into a half-hearted charge, but did not keep up with their leader. The part of my regiment I was then with formed on a broad road running at right angles to the one they were advancing on. The leader dashed past us, and as the leading sections came abreast of us, we fired a volley into them. They pulled up, went fours about—those that were left of them—and retired. We wheeled up to our left across the road and gave them more volleys. As they could not

get off the road, on account of the houses, they suffered considerably in men and horses.

The leader's horse was shot and he was made prisoner. He had led his men right gallantly, and they had left him in the lurch. To our astonishment the brave cavalier turned out to be a woman. She was retained prisoner for some time; I often saw her in the provost-marshal's tent, and she always asked me for opium.

Having done what was required of us in the Eed Ghur, we were marched home just as it was getting dusk. The enemy followed us up, and we consequently had to retire firing. In this affair I received my first wound, luckily for me a slight one.

The most unpleasant duty during the siege was the daily parade an hour before daybreak. This was necessary, no doubt, to guard against surprise, but we were aroused from a sleep just becoming enjoyable in the cool of the morning. I have seen men and officers after the roll had been called, and we had received the order to stand at ease, lie down on the ground, often wet, and sleep it out until the parade was dismissed.

On June 19, I was on picket duty at the Observatory, when I saw the enemy by regiments, with colours flying, artillery and cavalry, marching

out of the Lahore Gate. I immediately reported the fact, and afterwards made a second report to the effect that a large force had marched out, and some loaded camels had followed in rear. The enemy made a long detour, working round to the rear of the camp, and delivered their attack in the afternoon. The 9th Lancers lost Major Yule killed, and a number of men that day. There was sharp fighting, and some of our infantry had to form square to resist the enemy's cavalry, when the squares suffered from their artillery. As usual they were thrashed, and I fancy did not march home with the jaunty air with which they marched out of the city. An Irish recruit of ours was in one of the company squares formed, and a sergeant, seeing him blazing away at a troop of our own artillery, asked him what on earth he was doing. His reply was, "Shure, sergeant, I am firing low and steady." He had mistaken the troop for some of the enemy's artillery, but he was not again supplied with any ammunition. The same morning I reported having seen some pigeons thrown up from the precincts of one of our hospitals, and that the birds made straight for the city. It was late that night before the fighting was over, our loss having been 3 officers and 17 men killed, and 7 officers and 70 men wounded.

It was a grand sight to see the Bengal Horse

Artillery, the 9th Lancers, and Carabineers turn out during the whole siege, which they did as smartly, as clean, and as white as if they were in cantonments. We poor infantry, being always on picket or guard duties, never had time to clean up. Besides, during the siege we had our clothes dyed what was intended to be khakee, but I doubt if there were two tunics exactly of the same colour in a whole company. Some turned out nearly black, others a light yellow, the rest betwixt and between. But the desired object was gained, viz. the men were less conspicuous in these motley tunics than in white, and the sentries were less likely to be shot at night.

Time passed wearily; we were getting tired of the sameness of the siege, and the constant harassing caused by some of the enemy's half-hearted attacks, which of course were made for this purpose, for they never believed themselves that they could capture the camp or raise the siege, especially after their grand efforts on June 19, 23, and 25; and August 1. July 19 was also a sad lesson for them.

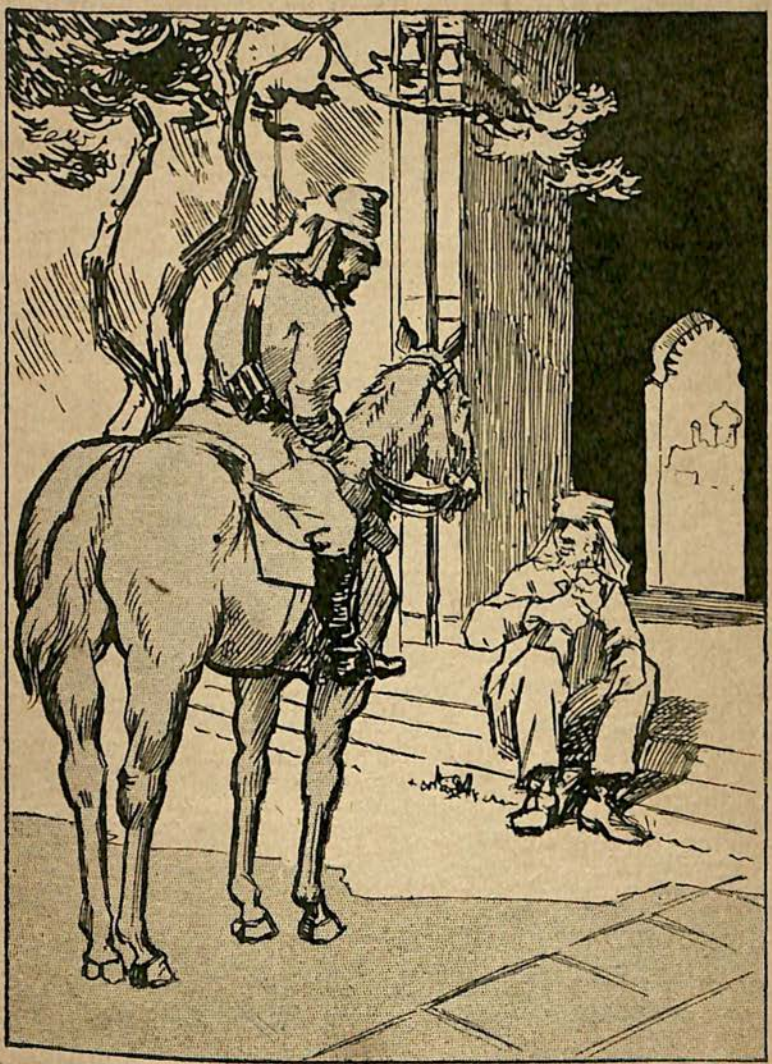
One night, when my company was on the Flag Staff picket, and I had just turned in after visiting my sentries—which duty was a tedious and breakshin one on a dark night on that particular picket, as

the sentries were posted on the slope of the ridge among rocks and stones—Melody woke me up and reported that the most advanced sentry who was posted in front of the Flag Staff, on the road leading to the Cashmere Gate, was calling out to the picket. We hastened down towards him, and, on getting near, heard him shouting out at the top of his voice, "Sentry go, you lubbers; sentry go!" On reaching him I asked him what he meant by such conduct. He replied, "Shure, sir, the gongs inside the city have struck twelve o'clock ten or fifteen minutes ago, and it is time I was relieved!" He was the same genius who was firing low and steady into our own artillery. He had left the cover he was posted in by the roadside, and was standing in the centre of a white road, and thus became a conspicuous object. He never did sentry duty again until the city had fallen.

On another occasion, when I was on the rear picket, at about nine o'clock a.m., General Nicholson marched in with reinforcements from the Punjab. The 61st Foot, now the 2nd Battalion the Gloucestershire Regiment, was a part of the column. A cousin of mine was a subaltern in that regiment, and the road they marched into camp by was about 300 yards from my picket, the space between being as plain and level as a cricket ground. I went

across to the road, and had just shaken hands with my cousin when the colour-sergeant joined me, and said that the brigadier of the day, Colonel Hope Grant, was at the picket, and had sent for me. I doubled back, and reported myself to that officer, informing him as to the cause of my temporary absence. He placed me under arrest, and ordered me to make over command of my picket to the senior sergeant, and return to camp. Of course I did so, and on arrival in camp reported the matter to the adjutant, Lieutenant Kendal Coghill. Before I had finished my tub I was released from arrest, and while talking to my cousin, and in less than half-an-hour after, was sent back to picket duty again.

On another day my company was on picket at the Flag Staff, this being our second, if not third day without relief. In the morning in question we were ordered to leave a sentry in the tower, and form an escort to gun limbers, etc., and follow in rear of a column ordered towards the Cashmere Gate to destroy a battery that the enemy were erecting to enfilade the stable and cow-shed pickets. On completion of the duty we returned to the Flag Staff; I was sitting on the steps mopping my face with my handkerchief, when a mounted officer called out, "Where's the officer of the picket?" On jumping



"I SHOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT IT BY THE LOOK OF YOU."

up, and informing him that I was, he coolly looked me up and down, and said, "I shouldn't have thought it by the look of you." I retorted that if he had been three days on picket, and all the morning in the sun, he would not look as if he had just come out of a band-box. He then informed me that he was field officer of the day in room of Colonel Drought, wounded. A few minutes afterwards the brigadier of the day came up. I reported to him the insult I had received, whereupon the field officer was ordered then and there to apologize. Being a youngster, I brooded over the above two incidents for some time, and consequently they made a great impression on me. On this occasion the killed and wounded had to pass the Flag Staff on their way to camp, and I saw them all. Among the latter was Colonel T. Seaton. He said to me, "I am done for, Walker, and I'll wish you good-bye. I am shot right through the body." It turned out to be a curious wound. The bullet had struck a rib, passing under the skin, coming out near the spine. I was rejoiced to see the gallant colonel walking about camp soon afterwards. Lieutenant C. Blair, of my regiment, then appeared. He had really been shot through the body, the bullet passing through the liver. The bullet had not force enough to make its exit through the skin, where it was sticking. Blair

asked me to cut it out, but I had no knife. Six weeks afterwards he was walking about camp, and I believe is still alive.

On the night of September 7, working parties to throw up breaching batteries close to the walls of Delhi, and covering parties to protect them, were ordered out from different regiments. My company was one of the covering parties sent to the Kudsia Bagh, an enclosed garden on the bank of the river Jumna, at a distance of 180 yards from the walls. On three sides were high masonry walls with battlements. Inside the walls were large archways divided by screen walls, and forming rooms some twenty feet square. Above these arches was a promenade, forming a banquette, a narrow staircase leading to it from the ground inside the gateway.

The erection of a battery was commenced inside this garden. After being on duty for some hours, my company was relieved, a company of the Belooch Regiment being relieved at the same time. The officer commanding it was Lieutenant Bannerman, and we soon struck up an acquaintance. It was raining, and he very kindly offered to share his greatcoat with me. I had last seen mine at Rohtuck. The wet grass was our bed, but we slept well. At about daylight we rose up, shook

ourselves, and lighted our pipes. Seeing some excitement going on near the riverside below the garden, we went to see the cause, silence being enforced on all approaching. When we arrived on the brink we saw an old man performing his morning ablutions down in the river. He had evidently been sleeping in one of the archways below us. We were all ordered to retire out of the old man's sight, for fear he should see us and give the alarm, as the enemy had no idea then that we were at work so close to them, and left us in peace.

Our breakfast having arrived, Bannerman and myself went into an archway of the wall facing the city to eat it. Firing from the city soon after commenced, and looking out of a loophole we could see the enemy moving up towards the garden. Bannerman had a short rifle, and shot four men while we were breakfasting. He let me have some shots, and I accounted for three more.

The order to fall in being given for all, we left the archway to join our men, and coming to some tall wet grass that had not been trodden down except for a narrow pathway, I stopped and invited Bannerman to go first along it, but he caught hold of my arm and pushed me on ahead of him. I had not gone fifty yards when I heard him fall. On turning round to help him up, I found that he was

shot dead through the head. He had a smile on his handsome fair face. He had been shot from the top of the wall, on which the enemy had managed to establish themselves, and from which they were firing down on us in the garden. We could not see them well enough to get shots at them.

The gallant 60th Rifles were ordered up the only staircase that led to the top, as before explained, each man carrying a sandbag. Those first reaching the top were shot down, but eventually those following got a footing, and Pandy was swept off the battlements. Until this was done it was an unpleasant time for us in the garden, and we lost a number of men. We had to thank our lucky stars that Pandy was such a bad shot.

I returned to my poor friend's body; a part of his brains had issued, which a young corporal of my company detached with great reverence, and, making a hole in the earth with his bayonet, buried. I took a ring off his finger, and made it over to Major Brooke, commanding the working and covering parties; his sword I saw put with his body into the dooly, but it never reached the hospital, and must have been stolen.

I forget at what hour my company was relieved, and I marched back to camp. I remember, however, at dinner in the mess-tent that night how

delighted we all were at the progress we were making, and how eagerly we were looking forward to the assault, knowing that it would take place in a few days. After dinner some of us walked up to the ridge, it being a bright moonlight night, and visited the right battery, which was firing away at the enemy, thus protecting our working and covering parties, and distracting the enemy's attention from them.

Working and covering parties were now constantly employed until the breaching batteries were ready and the siege guns got into position, when the bombardment commenced. This was a very pretty sight at night from the ridge.

On the night of the 13th, or very early on the morning of the 14th September, we received our orders for the assault. I was detailed as one of two subalterns, the other being Lieutenant C. H. Cantor, under command of Captain J. C. Hay, with seventy-five men, for a Forlorn Hope on the Water Bastion. A similar party of the 8th Regiment, "The King's," was told off for the same duty.

We marched down to the old custom-house, which was in front of the Kudsia Bagh above mentioned, where we were supplied with escalading ladders. The men were told off to these, and they were forming up in line, when Captain Hay fell wounded.

The command of the party then devolved on myself. Some chaff was going on between our men and the 8th King's when forming up. When the last ladder was out I gave the order to my men to shoulder ladders and advance. We were about one hundred and twenty yards distant, or less, from the walls, and there was no cover. Our first man to fall was a fine young fellow named Shaw, the regimental big drummer. Then another man fell, and the nearer we got the more the poor fellows dropped. Some ladders would drop to one side, some to the other; others would tilt as the men carrying them fell killed or wounded. At last we reached the ditch. Close up to it I passed an officer of the Bengal Engineers —I think Lieutenant Greathead—lying wounded. He was directing the party to the breach. We slipped the ladders into the ditch, leaping into it ourselves, carried them across, and, placing them against the escarp, rushed and scrambled over the breach. We worked round to our right until we got to the Cashmere breach and gate. The regiment was quickly reformed for another advance.

There were four assaulting columns. My regiment, the 2nd Bengal Fusiliers, only 250 strong, with the 8th The King's, and the 4th Sikhs, formed No. 2 Column, under command of Brigadier Jones, H.M. 61st Foot.

No. 1 Column, under Brigadier-General Nicholson, assaulted and captured the Cashmere breach.

No. 3 Column entered by the Cashmere Gate when it had been blown in, and was commanded by Colonel Campbell, 52nd Foot.

No. 4 Column, under Major Reid, 2nd Goorkhas, was to operate on our right through Kissengunj and Paharipore. There was a reserve of about 1000 men under Brigadier Longford. In all we were under 5000 strong.[1] The blowing open of the Cashmere Gate was a duty nobly performed by Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, of the Bengal Engineers, with a party of eight sappers and miners, and Bugler Hawthorne, of the 52nd Light Infantry. Home's party fixed the powder-bags to the gate, losing one killed and another wounded; they then slipped into the ditch. Salkeld's party then came up to fire the powder. Salkeld was wounded in two places. He handed the slow match to a sapper, who in performing the duty was killed. The bugler, as soon as the explosion took place, sounded the advance for Colonel Campbell's column. The enemy had destroyed the bridge over the ditch in front of the gate, so that there was but one beam left, Campbell's men thus having to cross the ditch in Indian file.

[1] On September 6 we had 2,977 men in hospital.

Here were now collected the remnants of Jones's, Nicholson's, and Campbell's columns. One of our officers was now wounded in the calf of the leg. He was stout, and much out of breath from climbing up over the breach and former exertions, and was heard to say, "Thank God! for I could not have gone on another yard."

We were marched out in front of the church, where we halted for a few minutes. The gilt cross on the top of the steeple was riddled by bullets fired at it, the enemy having tried hard to knock it down. A man had attempted to climb up to it, but fell, and was killed. The cross is now, I believe, in the Delhi Museum.

Just as we were moving off to work round to our right down a narrow road running round the wall towards the Lahore Gate of the city, a European in his shirt sleeves rode up to us from towards the enemy, and evidently seeing what regiment it was, exclaimed, "Where is the adjutant of the 75th?" He was told where to find the 75th Regiment, and we heard that on reaching them he asked where the adjutant of the 2nd Fusiliers was. He was eventually shot as a spy. This was not the only instance of the kind. At the battle of Badlee Ke Serai a European was fighting against us, and was disabled. On some men of the force reaching him,

he begged for his life, promising to give full accounts of the enemy, but quarter was not given him. On one occasion, when I was on the stable picket, I distinctly saw a European among the enemy, directing them where to fire.

CHAPTER V

The Lahore Gate—A fatal mistake—Meeting with General Nicholson—Officer of the Lahore Gate—The lady who had been shut up in Delhi—Loot and the Provost-Marshal—Capture of the King of Delhi.

My regiment led in this movement to the right, and there were two other corps with us. Brigadier Jones commanded the brigade. His orders were to advance as far as the Cabul Gate. We had got the enemy on the run now, passed the Cabul Gate, and gained the Lahore Gate. Brigadier Jones then asked what gate it was. Lieutenant Gambier, who had been quartered in Delhi, and escaped to Meerut on May 10, informed him. On hearing that we had passed the Cabul Gate, he explained what orders he had received, and marched us back to the Cabul Gate.

A retrograde movement, when fighting Asiatics, is a fatal mistake. The enemy, who were hastily retiring before us, became at once emboldened. It took us six days to retake Lahore Gate, many valuable lives being lost, among them the brave and able General Nicholson. I was myself wounded in

an attempt to retake it on the 15th. The enemy brought guns to bear on the road, which was a narrow one, and fired grape down it. There was also a stone sentry-box on the parapet commanding it, in which one or two good rifle shots established themselves, and accounted for a number of us.

During our advance from the Cashmere Gate I heard some native call out "Walker Sahib." I looked round, and among several of the enemy's dead I saw a naick, or corporal, of the late 60th B.N.I. lying badly wounded. He salaamed to me with both hands with a most piteous look as I passed on. He was dressed in his scarlet jacket, on which I at once noticed our old regimental Saxon green facings.

I pitied the poor fellow, for he was one of many good men who were led, or awed, into the great lava stream of mutiny. I will mention one instance of a good man being awed into it.

In the cold season of 1856–57 a school of musketry was formed at Umballah, as it was the intention of the Indian Government to arm the Native Army with Enfield rifles. Each captain was ordered to select a good and smart man of his company to be put through a course at this school. I selected a smart, handsome young fellow, who was delighted at being chosen.

After he had been some little time at the school I was surprised one evening on returning home from dining at mess to find him waiting for me at my garden gate. He commenced to cry, and poured forth his grief to me. He told me that he had received a letter from his friends at home, who said that he had lost his caste through going to the school of musketry, where he had to bite cartridges smeared with the fat of cows. That he need never return to his wife and family, as he was an outcast, and the letter finished up with abuse and curses.

I offered to write to his family, and tell them that the report they had heard about the cow's fat was utterly false, but he said it would be of no use, as the Brahmins had told them it was a fact, and nothing would persuade them otherwise. The poor lad was broken hearted, and he by force of circumstances became a mutineer. I am convinced, however, he would never commit any atrocities, and that he was one of the good men who stuck to as at Rohtuck.

Close to, or in, the Mori station, which we entered and passed, I saw the body of a young officer dressed in uniform, his forage cap with "25" on it lying on the ground close by him. He was about eighteen or nineteen years of age, and had

auburn hair. As he did not belong to the force he must have been a prisoner in the enemy's hands, and was probably shot by them for trying to reach us, as his body was quite warm. I never heard of his being recognized.

About an hour after we had returned to the Cabul Gate the men set up a cheer. On looking round to see the cause I perceived that it was the arrival of our Quartermaster-Sergeant Richardson with the men's breakfasts. He was as delighted to see us as we were him. He and his party had some narrow escapes on their way to the front. He has since risen to great distinction in the service; the last time I had the pleasure of hearing of him from a mutual friend, he held the rank of colonel, and was a high official in the Pay Department.

We had finished breakfast, and I was watching the demolition of a large mound of stones that the enemy had heaped up against the inside of the Cabul Gate. A fine man, of grand bearing, had apparently the directing of this demolition. He was dressed in [illegible]kee, but I saw no badges of rank on him. Looking round towards me he said, "Look here, youngster, suppose you find your way to the top of that house, and see if there is a good view to be got from it." I, thinking he was joking because he saw me idle and enjoying my

pipe, calmly winked one eye and said, "Oh yes!" He smiled, and turned round to some one who had addressed him. Our adjutant, who was standing near me, said, "Do you know who that is?" "No, I don't, but he's a cool fish," I replied. He then told me that it was Brigadier-General Nicholson. I was soon at the top of that house, taking a couple of men with me. We found two mutineers concealed in one room, who were promptly shot. There was a good view to be obtained from the top. I reported the fact to General Nicholson, who smiled, almost laughed, and said "Thank you."

Later on, some wines, spirits, champagne, etc., were discovered by some men; luckily my regiment, being the most advanced, was clear of it. They had probably been placed there for the purpose of attracting the men and causing trouble. I heard that some women appeared, and showed the men where the liquor was obtainable, and that some were thus allured away, and murdered.

At about midnight a tall young sepoy ran from the enemy into the middle of us, howling and yelling. We were all lying on the ground asleep, officers and men of two regiments, viz. the 2nd Fusiliers and 2nd Punjaubees. The officers were lying on a small bridge over a canal. Some shots were fired at the sepoy, and we all soon jumped up. Lieutenant

Davidson of the Punjaubees, who was lying next to me, did not rise, so I tried to rouse him, and found that he was dead. He must have jumped up before the shots were fired, and received one of them in his head. The rebel was bayoneted at the guard-house close by.

Either before or after this event, I forget which, a reinforcement for the enemy arrived from somewhere at the Cabul Gate, and demanded admission; the man commanding them called himself, if I remember aright, General Bukht Khan. He little knew that the English were holding that gate. Our officer who was commanding the gate guard, Lieutenant Sir Atwell Lake, Bart., who was on the battlements, collected all his men, and treated the General and his followers to some volleys fired right into the brown of them. They bolted, and I forget now the loss they sustained.

Before proceeding further I must not forget to mention the splendid sight our cavalry presented on this eventful day. They were drawn up in a long line outside and abreast of the Cabul Gate to guard our right flank and camp, and it was to open communication with them that General Nicholson was so anxious to get the Cabul Gate open, I believe. They were under fire from the Lahore Gate, Kissengunj, and from other places held strongly

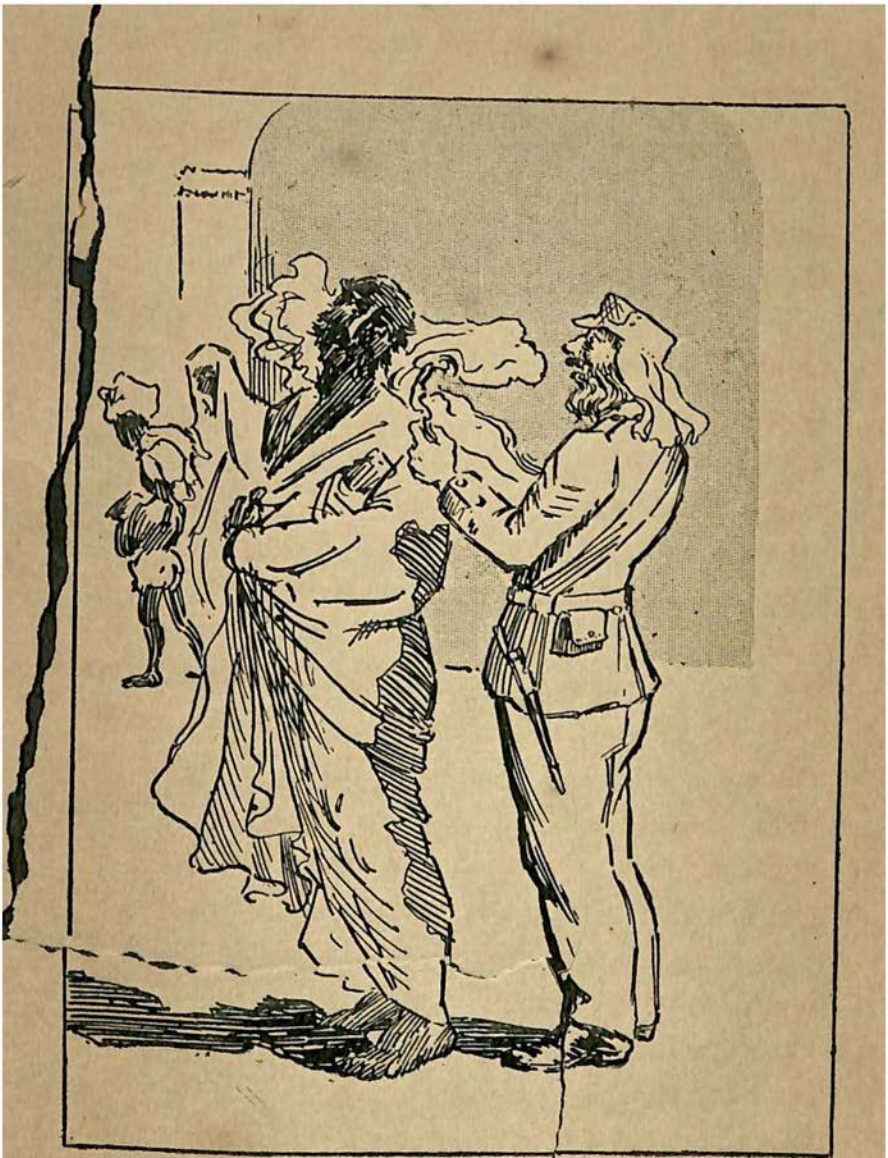
by the enemy. For two long hours they sat motionless, men and horses continually dropping, Colonel Hope Grant having several times to move the line forward to get clear of the casualties.

The 9th Lancers lost thirty-eight men and seventy-one horses, and Tombs' troop of Horse Artillery lost half its men. The 6th Dragoon Guards, the Guide Cavalry, also the Punjab Cavalry were with Hope Grant; all suffered alike, and all were alike undaunted and brave. The total loss of the Delhi Field Force on this day was 66 officers and 1,104 men killed and wounded.

In our position as the advanced brigade, on our occupying the Cabul Gate we became the right of the force, while the left occupied the Government College. On the morning of September 15 the magazine was captured, and here Lieutenant Hare of the Bengal Artillery distinguished himself by throwing with his hands live shells with short fuzes among the enemy in the cemetery, who were causing loss and annoyance to us.

On the 15th I was wounded, and was laid up until the 20th, on which day we obtained possession of the whole city. My first duty was officer of the Lahore Gate guard. I had to allow pass out of the city the inhabitants who were not mutineers. Many sepoys tried to get out, passing themselves off as

harmless civilians. I examined them; some gave themselves away by springing smartly up to "attention" when called suddenly upon to do so by Melody. On the shoulders of others we found callosities caused by wearing cross-belts. News of these mutineers having been stopped must have spread, for after a time a number of women and children accompanied by only a few men appeared, who had not the slightest pretensions to the military appearance of Jack Pandy about them. In the crowd I saw one of apparently the fair sex carrying a baby; she towered above the others; she was very coy, too, and kept twitching the cloth over her face. I called out to Melody to bring that giantess up to me. He went up to her and said, "Left turn, to the officer, quick march." A little woman accompanied her empty handed. While I questioned them, the tall one kept hiding her face and getting very nervous. In pulling at her chuddah, or the cloth native women wear over their head and shoulders, she exposed to view her hands, whereupon Melody exclaimed, "Sir! look at the hands of her! the feet of her!" and pulling her chuddah off her head and face, "Look at the beard of her!" It was a sepoy with a beard of about three days' growth, and a very closely clipped moustache. The little woman claimed the baby, and was let out of the city.



"LOOK AT THE BEARD OF HER!"

A small dooly, carried by two men, now appeared on the scene, and to my astonishment I heard a woman's voice asking in English where the General was. One of our men brought her up to me, and I beheld a very pretty young lady. She informed me she was the daughter of Doctor M. of the Indian Medical Service. She had been in the city during the whole siege, protected by a faithful servant. She was, of course, dressed in native clothes.

My faithful Khidmutgar Jack, a Burmese boy, who never once failed to bring me my meals even under the heaviest fire, arrived with my breakfast. I invited the young lady to partake of it, but she declined, as she said she had breakfasted, and was anxious to go on to the General, and get a telegram sent off to her friends. Melody then said in his blandest manner, "Shure, sir, I'm the man to see the lady safe to the General," and as I was anxious to get some news of what was going on, I sent him. Miss M. smiled, and dear old Melody's face gleamed with delight as they started off together. He came back full of her accounts of the hairbreadth escapes she had experienced, and used to talk of the young lady as his mavoureen.

Soon after the capture of the city a detachment of my regiment was ordered to take up temporary

quarters inside the King's palace. I was told an amusing story of one of our men who had to sleep in a room where the King's elephants' state trappings were kept, some of these being made of cloth of gold. The man chose one of these for a mattress, and having adjusted it to his liking, exclaimed, "If my mother could only see me now!"

One of the duties of the gate guards was to prevent loot being taken out of the city. The Cashmere troops were terrible hands at looting. We caught their mounted men carrying gold bangles and jewellery of all sorts in their jackboots. Some fifty of them came up to the Cashmere Gate. We stopped them, but they wanted to show fight; some on foot even lighted the matches of their native firelocks. We formed up the guard and closed the gate. There were two officers on this guard, Lieutenant Willes and myself. We had to draw our swords, and were very nearly coming to blows with this party of men.

The Cashmere contingent, some 1,200 strong, were with No. 4 Column for the assault; they retreated from the Idgah, losing four guns. Major Reid, who commanded No. 4 Column, was unfortunately wounded soon after the advance. They met with strong resistance, and retired in an orderly manner, covered by the Horse Artillery and

cavalry. Their losses were heavy, and among the wounded was my cousin, Lieutenant Arthur Young of the 61st Foot.

Some of their dead were left on the ground, and a day or two afterwards, when a party went out to bring them in, it was discovered that jackals and dogs had eaten, or partly eaten, the bodies of the natives, but not a European's body had been touched. I mentioned this to Melody, who at once said, "I don't wonder at it, sir; it's the bad rum the Commissariat have been issuing lately. The jackals don't like the smell of it." Some three or four years afterwards at Meerut a man of my company died of liver complaint. His liver had so much enlarged that it was a record one, and all the doctors in the station went to see it. I was orderly officer that day or the next, and meeting Melody at taptoo roll-call, I mentioned the fact to him. He, without any hesitation, said, "I knew it, sir; that man could never keep his dressing; I always saw his liver sticking out, and spoiling the look of the company."

The Governor's Guard at Delhi was a weekly duty taken by regiments in turn; it was a subaltern's guard. We relieved a guard of the 61st Foot on the one occasion I was on it. I found it a very disagreeable duty. The provost-

marshal kept me on the move all day, every day accusing the men of the guard of looting, but never substantiating a single case. He was very energetic, I must say, in endeavouring to protect the property of native owners who had vanished with the King on the 20th, and on one occasion when he entered a large house to see if all was safe, some other energetic guardian of the law, seeing the outer door open, securely locked it up, and the provost-marshal was unfortunately, and of course unwittingly, made a prisoner until the company's cooks, who were bringing the men's teas, saw him gesticulating from an upper window, and calling their attention. They reported the matter to Colour-sergeant Melody, who went with some men to set the provost-marshal free.

I was one day on the Lahore Gate guard when a native came up laden with loot, and wanted to pass out. I demanded his pass signed by a British officer, which all natives in the city were required to have about them, and to show when called upon to do so. He replied he had lost his, the usual reply of men not furnished with them, so we eased him of his loot, and turned him out of the gate, knowing that without a pass he would not be able to re-enter the city.

We opened his enormous bundle, and found a

number of nice things. I chose a white and brown Cashmere shawl, and allowed each man of the guard to choose one article, the balance being put into a store-room for the prize agents. Judge of my astonishment when two hours after the man reappeared from inside the town with a letter from the provost-marshal, stating that the bearer was a Government servant, who had complained of being deprived of his property by the officer commanding the Lahore Gate guard, who was requested to return it to him without delay.

I again asked the man for his pass. He declared he had lost it, and declined to say how he had managed to get into the city again. I returned him the bundle we had put into the store-room, and again turned him out of the city. Again some two or three hours later he brought another official letter from the provost-marshal, to the effect that the man had complained that he had not had all his property returned to him, and he particularly mentioned a white and brown Cashmere shawl; that if these articles were not returned the matter would have to be sent up for the Governor's decision.

We had thus to part with our little souvenirs, and away we sent the man, not out of the gate, though, as he had no pass, but towards the city,

where we hoped he might meet some of the Cashmere contingent.

When about to leave Delhi for England in April or May 1859, invalided, the provost-marshal was kind enough to call to inquire after me. We had had several dealings together. In Umballah before the Mutiny I purchased from him the only three-legged horse I ever bought, and in Delhi he sold me another horse that was blind in one eye, and the vision of the other was only sufficient, with the aid of his nose, for him to know when his food was put in the manger. The last time he called he brought with him a parcel, and on bidding me good-bye he handed it to me, saying, "When you get home give that to your mother, and say the provost-marshal of Delhi sent it." He knew that I had been very anxious about my dear mother, who had been dangerously ill, for I had told him so on his former visit. My wife was about to open the parcel, but he asked her not to do so until he had gone. When he had gone we found the contents to be the identical white and brown Cashmere shawl I had chosen out of the bundle at the Lahore Gate.

The rules under which we were allowed to loot at Delhi were that we had to apply to the prize agents, who were officers of different regiments

elected by general vote, for passes, and applicants had to pledge themselves to take all they found to the prize agents, when it was divided into two shares, one share being given to the finder, the other to the prize fund. I would not apply for a pass on these conditions, but used to go out occasionally when I felt so disposed. I was caught once. I shared my cheroots, soda-water, and spoil with my captor, and there was an end of it. He informed me that he had been long on the look-out for me, for which I expressed my gratitude.

I lost all my loot at the wreck of *The Alma* when going home invalided in 1859, except a diamond brooch I had sent to my mother in a copy of *The Lahore Chronicle.* And, odd to say, the Cashmere shawl I saved, as it was in my uniform box, which I got out through my cabin porthole. So that my dear mother received it safely after all the *contretemps* it had met with.

The King of Delhi had fled to Humayon's tomb, which was some seven miles away from the city. The gallant Hodson volunteered to go out with 100 men of his newly-raised cavalry corps to capture him. He was allowed to do so, and effected the capture of the Moghul Emperor on September 21, with his wife and three sons.

The capture was explained to me by Hodson's

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second in command, Lieutenant McDowell of the 2nd Bengal Fusiliers, who was with him at the time. It was an act marvellous for the dash and nerve shown by Hodson. Several thousand mutineers and the scum of Delhi were inside and about the tomb. After Hodson had placed his men, he and McDowell entered the tomb, when he ordered the multitude to lay down their arms; there was a pause; and then, said McDowell, to his wonder and amazement the order was obeyed. Hodson then called upon the King and his family to surrender themselves, which they did. They were quickly bundled into bullock carts, and marched back to Delhi; on reaching the city they were placed under a European guard.

It was a slow and tedious return march, on account of the bullocks, and the multitude followed menacingly. Fearing a rescue, as he had only 100 men with him, Hodson shot three sons of the King, and threatened to shoot more unless the crowd fell back. The throng then dropped behind. Hodson has been blamed for this act. But the end justified the deed. The King was captured and brought in. The end of those three sons, if they had lived, would have been the gallows, for they were the ruthless torturers and murderers of our poor women and children inside their father's palace, where they were paraded for these fiends' amusement, and were

victims of their insults, as I shall afterwards show, before they were done to death. Some poor mutilated bodies of our women and children were exposed publicly at the Kotwali, or head police office, on May 11, and I saw the bodies of the three sons of the King exposed there on September 22.

Some time after the capture the King was duly tried, the trial taking a long time. It ended in his being transported to Burmah for life. He was a decrepit old man, and looked of course very miserable. I was many times on guard over him and his family. The officer of the guard had to muster them all at certain hours, so that I saw a good deal of them.

CHAPTER VI

The Aldwell family and their experiences—Miss M. again—Sir Theophilus Metcalfe—With a flying column—The Heights of Sona—The campaign in Rohilcund—Invalided home—Wrecked in the P. and O. *Alma*—Musketry training at Hythe—Rejoins at Roorkee—Appointed musketry instructor—Appointed by Sir Hugh Rose adjutant of the 13th B.I.

In 1858 I made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Aldwell and family, old residents of Delhi. They were then living in the same house they lived in on May 10, 1857. Mrs. Aldwell and her two daughters were taken into the King's palace prisoners, and were paraded with the many other ladies and children, when they were inspected, grossly insulted, and assaulted by the sons of the King above mentioned. Mrs. Aldwell and her daughters were dressed in native clothes, when the eldest of the brothers (I think his name was Jumna Bukht) came to Mrs. Aldwell. He looked hard at her, pulled her chuddah off her, and said laughing, "You were not dressed like that the last time I saw you in your carriage at the band." Poor Mrs. Aldwell nearly fainted with fright, and on his asking her who the girls were, said she did not know, for she was afraid

that if she acknowledged they were her daughters they would be murdered too. "It is false," he said; "they are your daughters," and he passed on to a poor girl wrapped in her mother's arms, both crying piteously. They were separated by brutal violence. Shortly after Mrs. A. felt some one pulling at her dress, and on looking round found it was an old woman, who said to her, "Go and hide yourselves behind that charpoi," pointing to a native bed standing up against a wall. They quickly obeyed, and from that screen saw all the horror-struck and moaning victims led forth to butchery near a well.

These poor sufferers were the widows and orphans of officers, civil and military, who had been massacred in the city that day, and whose bodies, or some of them, had been carted up to the Flag Staff Tower, on the ridge, where some officers and residents of the cantonment with their wives and children had collected to make a stand. The sight of these bodies determined our people at the Tower to make their escape, and when it was sufficiently dark they did so by taking the Umballah road.

This cart-load of bodies was found by our troops on June 8, on their reaching the Tower. I am not sure, but I think a second cart-load was there on that day.

To resume my narrative of Mrs. Aldwell's escape.

At dusk the old woman returned to them, and told them to follow her. She escorted them to one of the palace gates, and told them to go, and conceal themselves as best they could.

Knowing where their old tailor lived, they went to him, and did not in vain appeal for concealment. The real cause of their miraculous escape is to be attributed to their being descendants of a princess of Delhi who had married Colonel Skinner, an English officer who raised years ago a cavalry corps, famed as Skinner's Horse, and now that dashing regiment the 1st Bengal Cavalry.

The house in which these ladies were concealed was in a street in which many sepoys of the mutinied 74th Regiment B.I. were billeted, or had quartered themselves. This corps was one of the three stationed at Delhi on May 11.

Mrs. Aldwell would often overhear and purposely listen to the conversation of these sepoys among themselves. On some of them returning from a fight with us, a frequent occurrence, those who had not gone out would eagerly inquire the result of the day's work. To Mrs. Aldwell's delight it was always to relate a defeat, and many times she heard them say that they could expect nothing else after having been faithless to their salt. They often lamented in her hearing of having mutinied, and

would sit about in groups of threes and fours, looking miserable and talking despondingly.

I tried hard to persuade my friends to write their experiences, and publish them, but without success. They promised to dictate them to me that I might write them, but it never came off. Two appointments for the commencement were made, but they ended in tiffins. One day when taking lunch at their house, a young lady whom I had not met there before was present. I noticed that she stared very hard at me once or twice when I spoke, and there was something about her face that seemed familiar to me. Suddenly she jumped up, and holding out her hand to me said, "Now I know who you are, Mr. Walker; don't you recognize me?" I hesitated, when she added, "How is your Irish sergeant?" Of course she was Miss M., and the pleasure of meeting again under happier circumstances was mutual.

We had a good laugh about the gallant Melody, who was the proud recipient of a handsome pipe, and some "'baccy" to smoke in it, from his mavourneen.

Some time previously I had mentioned to our hostess the circumstances of the young lady appearing at the Lahore Gate when I was on guard there, and it so happened that they were old friends. Mrs. Aldwell said nothing of this to me, and the

meeting was arranged by her without the knowledge of Miss M. or myself, so it was an unexpected pleasure to both.

Many natives, among them rajahs, nawabs, and other men who had had influence, were tried for rebellion, mutiny, and murder of Englishmen, women, and children, on their capture by flying columns, or by the police, or civil authorities. Among these was the Rajah of Bullumbghur, who not only refused to shelter and protect Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, Commissioner of Delhi, when he sought to take refuge in his fort, but who took from him his valuable Arab horse, and giving him a wretched pony and one rupee, ordered him out of his fort.

This gentleman was caught, tried for murder, and hung. The troops were paraded to see his execution.

It was very fortunate that Sir Theophilus did escape (the particulars of his doing so I have quite forgotten), not only on his own account, but because of the service he was enabled to render to the Government from his thorough knowledge of Delhi, its environs, and inhabitants. After the capture of the city he was able to lay his hands on the worst characters, men who had committed innumerable atrocities, and done the greatest harm.

A certain official remarked one day to the provost-marshal, who was superintending the hanging of

some men, that they seemed to take a long time dying. His reply was that he had never yet had a complaint from any of the many he had attended the hanging of. He told me one day that as he was superintending the rope being adjusted round one man's neck, the man abused him frightfully, and said that he had killed one Englishwoman and her two children, and died happy.

The 2nd Bengal Fusiliers was one of several regiments to compose a flying column sent out into the Goorgaon District in October or November 1857, to take forts and strongholds, and clear the district of mutineers and rebels. Brigadier-General Showers commanded the column, as brave an officer as ever drew sword.

We captured the forts of Rewarrie, Jujjhur, Kanoude, Furucknuggur, and Bullumbghur, as also the Heights of Sona. In one of the forts, I forget which, was discovered 28 lacs of rupees, or about £280,000, which the civil authorities with the column coolly claimed as Government property, much to the disappointment and disgust of the column. General Showers, I was told, regretted ever afterwards that he had not distributed this money then and there as prize-money to the column who had captured it.

At this fort, or another of the five, a quantity of

handsome English furniture was found in the palace, amongst it were two very fine easy arm-chairs. One was looted by an officer of my regiment, the other by a dashing cavalry officer. The civil authorities made a great fuss about these chairs, and eventually a request was made that those in possession should give them up. The officer of my regiment made over his to the possessor of the other, who promptly had a big hole dug in his tent, and buried them in it. Next morning, or the following, the column marched gaily away, the chairs were left in the pit, and when the ground was clear of prying eyes they were dug up, and sent in to Delhi. On the line of march the baggage of the column was much scrutinized, but no fine easy arm-chairs were found.

In the action on the Heights of Sona a most exciting hand-to-hand fight took place between one of the enemy and a Sikh belonging to the column, a great part of the men of the force being spectators. It was a very pretty sight, both men showing themselves experts with sword and shield. Eventually the Sikh cut his adversary down, for which he received great applause.

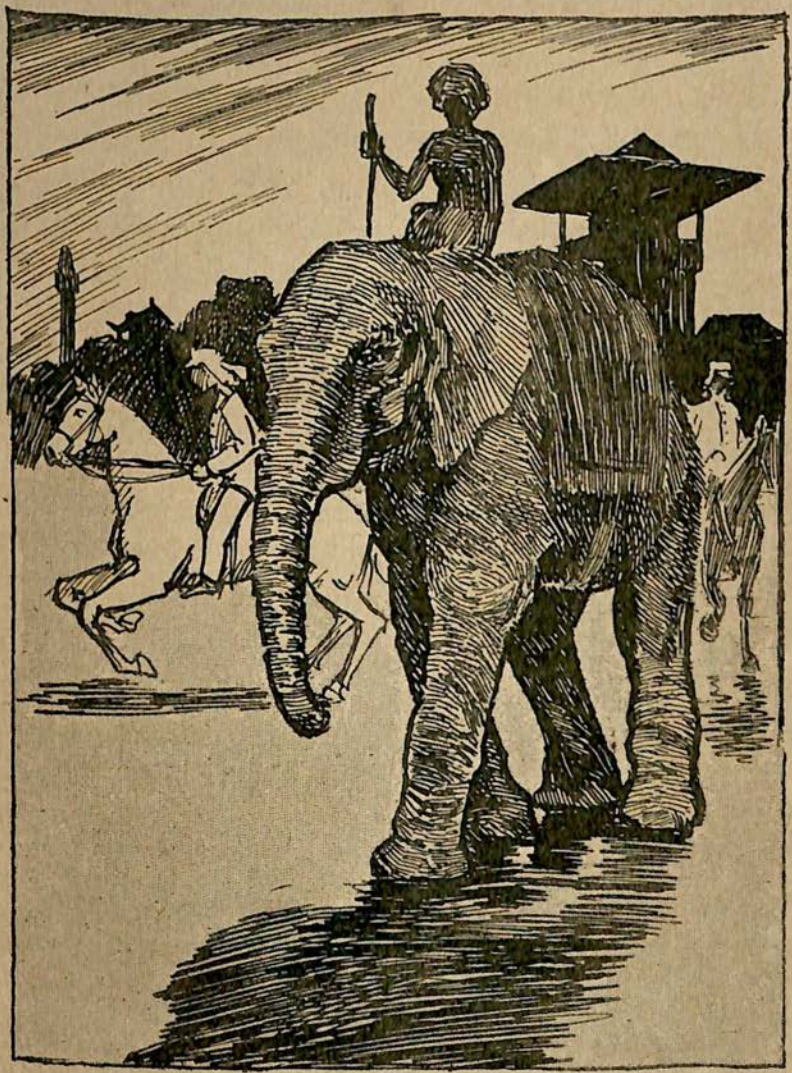
In one of the towns we took, as my regiment was drawn up inside the gateway in an open space, I espied an elephant tied up in a yard. I felt certain

it had belonged to the enemy, and determined to appropriate it. Making over command of my company to my subaltern, Lieutenant D., I went to reconnoitre. The poor beast was very docile and very hungry. The commanding officer, noticing my absence from the flank of my company, ordered me to fall in. He kept us standing there nearly an hour before he marched us back to camp and dismissed us. The camp was nearly a mile away, the other regiments had been dismissed long before, and the men were hard at work looting.

My subaltern and I galloped back to the elephant, and found him safe and sound. We quite accidentally met our dhoby, or washerman, put him on the elephant, and he drove him into camp for us in quite the orthodox style. In this case the old adage, "We never know what we can do until we try," proved true; for the dhoby had never before driven any animal larger than a donkey, or perhaps a bullock.

After having arranged for the care and feeding of the elephant, my subaltern and I, on returning to the town, found two five-bullock carts full of grain. This was a valuable find, and they were duly driven into camp.

Seeing soldiers coming from the direction of the palace, laden with little mementoes, we made for



THE LOOTED ELEPHANT.

that building, and found it pretty empty. I picked up rather a good-looking tulwar, and seeing something that looked like a pillow on a bedstead, I made a cut at it out of pure mischief. It seemed to be very hard for a pillow, so I examined it. Something glittered inside, which turned out to be a piece of kingkob, or cloth heavily embroidered with gold, and of great value.

Another day I found a very handsome riding camel, but as I nearly broke my back trying to ride him, I sold him. I returned to Delhi with five horses; some I found myself, and others I purchased from those who had. A number of horses were taken belonging to Government, and bore the stud brands; these the mutineers had looted from the Government studs, and the regular native cavalry regiments that mutinied went off with their horses, which were Government property.

Soon after the regiment returned to Delhi we were quartered in the King's palace. I found a fine slab of marble, and had an inscription engraved on it to the memory of a brother officer, Lieutenant Sherriff, who was mortally wounded on August 12, 1857, and I personally superintended it being placed over his grave, which I knew well, as I was present at his funeral. When I visited the cemetery in 1875 I found the stone in a good

state of preservation. But to my astonishment, in quite another place I found a second monument erected to my friend's memory.

From Delhi I tried hard to get to the siege of Lucknow with Lieutenant Harcourt of the 1st Madras Fusiliers, who had been attached to the 2nd Bengal Fusiliers during the siege of Delhi, but failed.

I eventually succeeded in seeing more service with a newly-raised Punjab regiment, the 17th Punjab Infantry, which had been raised and was commanded by a cousin of mine, Colonel Robertson Larkins. The regiment formed part of the Roorkee Field Force assembled for a campaign in Rohilcund in April, 1858. The force crossed the Ganges at Hurdwar, and I was nearly drowned on the evening of our arrival. Swimming across the river, when near the further bank, and within twenty yards of it, I was too exhausted to bear up against the current. One of our own men, a Sikh, jumped in and helped me to land. We fought three actions, viz. at Amsoth, Bagawalla, and Nugeena, before relieving Moradabad, which was being held for us by Scindiah. In one of the actions, Nugeena, I think, our cavalry caught a number of the enemy up trees before they had an opportunity of escaping into the town. They had been firing at us from these trees.

None of them escaped. Under these trees we found a really beautiful native girl with an infant in her arms; they were both dead, one piece of a shell had passed through child and mother, Thus, alas! do the innocent suffer with the guilty.

The cemetery at Moradabad presented a most extraordinary appearance. It had been desecrated by the mutineers, the stones in some instances knocked over, in others smashed. Scindiah had done his best to repair the damage, and the whole of the monuments had been whitewashed. There was one monument, "the broken pillar," had had the top put on. I was invalided at Moradabad, and went up to Simla.

In 1859 I was invalided home for my sixth sunstroke. On the voyage we were wrecked in the P. and O. steamer *Alma*, in the Red Sea, on June 10. The vessel ran on a rock close to one of the Harnish Islands, a group off, and about forty miles from, Mocca.

This happened at about two o'clock in the morning. A bright moon was shining. Immediately after she struck, the vessel heeled over to port at an angle of quite forty-five degrees. She was jammed hard and fast at her bows, but her stern was over deep water, and much lower than she was forward. As all the ports, including sternports,

were open at the time, she rapidly filled, and there was great fear entertained that the weight of the water would cause the bows to slip off the rock, in which case she would have foundered at once in deep water.

As she filled so rapidly some of the passengers could not open their cabin doors, so had to be hauled out through their portholes. Among the passengers were a number of ladies and children, as also a number of officers going home invalided. The ladies, as they always do in danger, behaved splendidly. It was impossible to walk along the deck; so, to pass the ladies and children from the top of the saloon companion-ladder to the gangway, where a boat awaited to take them to the island—really it is only a big rock—a number of us gentlemen passengers formed a line outside the starboard bulwarks. Our feet rested on a narrow ledge level with the boarding of the deck. We placed one arm over the bulwark to hold on by, and in this manner we passed them along outside the bulwark without an accident happening. Luckily there was a calm, and the sea as smooth as glass. No life was lost in landing, but the purser died of sunstroke in the evening.

The rock was of coral formation, dreadful to walk on for those without shoes. A number of ladies

and children were barefooted, and until they were bandaged with strips of canvas were unable to walk. A lady passenger, Mrs. Mackay, after having been bandaged herself, most magnanimously bandaged up a number of ladies and children. We were without water, the salt water having got into the tanks and spoiled the fresh, so that our drink consisted of a bottle of beer between two men a day, a bottle of claret between two women, and the same allowance for the children.

The man with whom I shared my bottle of beer —a coffee planter from Ceylon—was one evening too impatient to wait for a corkscrew. So in attempting to knock the top off the neck of the bottle, he smashed it, and away went the beer on the coral. I begged him to wait. Having been nearly all day working on board the wreck, helping to get the stores out, I was parched with thirst. I went to the officer in charge of the stores, and explained matters. He gave me another bottle, which I took good care to open myself, sharing it, of course, with my contrite chum, whose little daughter implored him for some.

It was very pitiful to hear the poor children calling out day and night for *pani ! pani !* (water ! water !) The heat was very great. Awnings of canvas had been erected to shade us from the

burning sun. The glare from the sea, too, was very trying. An attack by Arabs was feared, as we had only six muskets and bayonets, but no ammunition.

One end of the rock was sandy, and was made over to the ladies and children as a bathing-place. One evening at dusk, when enjoying their bath, that end having been cleared of men, screaming was heard; a rush was made to see the cause, which turned out to be the return of a boat that had been sent by the captain to a large island fifteen miles distant to search for fresh water. None was found, but they brought some brackish that was not fit to drink. The officer in charge of the boat said that the island was crowded with deer, which were quite tame and came up close to the boat, watching proceedings. The ladies were afraid that the boat was an Arab dhow.

On the third day we were picked up by H.M. ship *Cyclops*. It was known that she would shortly follow us into the Red Sea from Aden. She was engaged laying down the telegraph cable. One of our boats had been sent back to the Straits of Babelmandeb to intercept her, give notice of the wreck, and ask for assistance. *The Cyclops* took us back to Aden, and after a few days' stay there we were picked up by the P. and O. steamer *Bombay* and brought on to Southampton.

During my stay in England I saw the wreck of *The Alma*, under the name of *The Overland Route*, acted at the Princess' Theatre, and it was very good indeed. I also attended a course of musketry training at Hythe, the result of which was that I obtained the musketry instructorship of my regiment immediately I rejoined, and put it through its first course of musketry.

I returned to India about eleven months after my arrival in England with a batch of 300 recruits for the Honourable East India Company's European artillery, sappers, cavalry, and infantry. These lads had received hardly any training at Warley, the Company's depôt for recruits in those days. Many future splendid soldiers went from Warley Depôt.

We embarked on the day of the first big review of the Volunteers before Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. We numbered five officers, including the doctor, and 300 men. There were also officers' and soldiers' wives and children.

Just as we were about to sail, it was discovered that there was a soldier's wife about to pass on board whose name did not appear on the roll. Her husband, a sapper, had married without leave, and the poor wife was consequently unable to accompany him. As we were depending on getting a soldier's wife as a nurse for my little son Monty, I went up

to the captain of the ship and arranged to pay the woman's passage out, on which she was allowed on board, to her own and her husband's delight. Some years afterwards I met her as a matron of the Lawrence Military Orphan Asylum, near Kussowlee, holding a very honourable and good position.

I rejoined my regiment at Roorkee, and was soon hard at work at musketry. The old Brown Bess had been sent into store, and we were armed with Enfield rifles. Some of the captains looked upon me as quite an intermeddler, and did not believe in anybody being able to teach Tommy Atkins how to shoot better than they could. They, the captains, all had to go through the course themselves, and, to my great satisfaction, the captain who had given me the most trouble, by arguing during my lectures to the men, came up to me after his return from a shooting trip and acknowledged that he shot his game 50 per cent. better than he did before he had been through his course.

About this time old John Company's Army was taken over by the Queen, and the European cavalry and infantry were made regiments of the line. The 2nd Fusiliers became the 104th Royal Fusiliers. Officers were given the option of serving with their old corps, or remaining locals, or joining

the Staff Corps. I received a very handsome letter from the sergeants of the regiment, begging me to remain with it, adding that the men would go through fire and water with me, and that they were all so very pleased with me. But, alas! I was unable to, as it was rumoured that the new line regiments would soon be ordered home to England, and a married subaltern on English pay meant poverty.

From my old regiment I was transferred to the 2nd Goorkha Rifles, and had the honour of serving under Major, afterwards Sir Herbert Macpherson, V.C., K.C.B. It was indeed a pleasure to serve under such an officer.

Sir Hugh Rose was Commander-in-Chief in India at this time, and early in 1863 he visited Deyrah Dhoon to inspect the Goorkhas. He gave all the officers a very stiff examination in drill. The following morning His Excellency sent for me, and told me that he was much pleased at what he had seen of me on parade, and that as Major Macpherson spoke very highly of me, he would appoint me adjutant of a regiment as soon as I passed the prescribed examination in Hindustani.

On September 5 following I was gazetted as having passed in Hindustani, and in the General Orders of the 11th I was appointed adjutant of the 13th Regiment Bengal Infantry. So Sir Hugh

Rose kept his promise as soon as I gave him the opportunity. But, to my great grief, I had to leave the Goorkhas.

It was generally allowed that Sir Hugh Rose did more for the efficiency of the native army than any Commander-in-Chief before him. There was a smartening up all round, several old commandants having to be eliminated.

There was an amusing story told of one old gentleman who had commanded a regiment for many years when Sir Hugh came across him. The Commander-in-Chief asked him to change the front of his regiment, which was in line and facing north, to the east. The colonel thought for some minutes, and then in a tremulous voice said to the chief, "If they were in column, I could do it."

It was also related of this officer that he had a horror of flies. He was quite uneasy if he saw one in his room, and would go in pursuit of it with a fly-flapper. There was a young subaltern in his corps who had many calls to the colonel's quarters for reprimands and good advice. Getting tired of these calls out in the middle of the day in the hot weather, the sub. took with him a match-box full of blue-bottles and flies, which he surreptitiously let loose while waiting for the colonel to come into the room, or while receiving his reprimand. The

result was his speedy dismissal home, with a mumbled accusation of always eating sweetmeats. The last thing he saw as he left the room was the colonel flying round the room in full cry after his new acquisitions, fly-flapper in hand. The sub. received no more invitations to the colonel's quarters.

I joined my new regiment at Gorruckpore, and soon afterwards we marched for Peshawur. Just before getting there Sir Hugh Rose dropped on us, with the result that we had to halt at Kyrabad, an encamping ground across the Indus opposite Attock, and commence with the "goose-step," and work steadily through the drill-book. We were to remain at it until the general reported the corps efficient.

During this march the day we reached Jhelum snow fell, and settled for a few minutes on our tunics. This is the only time I have seen or heard of a snowfall in the plains of India during some thirty-eight years' connection with the country.

Shortly after our arrival in Peshawur another corps marched in. The colonel was riding a very handsome grey Arab charger, which evidently attracted the attention of some of the horse robbers, of which Peshawur boasts many. He had also a grey dogcart horse, which had seen its best days. On the colonel's return from mess, at about ten

o'clock that night, he visited the stables, and finding that the horse attendants had put the Arab in the worst stall, ordered them to at once change them. Next morning he was awoke by his groom, who informed him that some thieves had stolen the dogcart horse, having cut down an opening in the back wall of the stable, and thus got the horse out.

The robbers must have carefully watched and seen the stall the Arab was put into. In fact, a few days afterwards the colonel received a letter from them, informing him that the dogcart horse was of no use to them, it was the Arab they wanted, and he could have it back by sending one hundred rupees to some particular place. This, I believe, was done, and the horse was returned. These gentlemen had crossed the border, and were perfectly safe.

I visited the hill station of Murree from Peshawur on leave. It was indeed a treat to get out of a temperature of 104 degrees to one of between 50 and 60.

There was a peppery old general pointed out to me up there who was always falling foul of commanding officers of regiments and batteries. On a brigade parade it was said that a horse of No. 3 gun of a troop of Horse Artillery had fallen just as the troop wheeled into the saluting base, and the gun, in

consequence, did not get quite into line with the others before reaching the flag at which the general was stationed. The major commanding the battery, after having himself saluted, galloped out as usual and placed himself beside the general, who said, "Your guns are not dressed, sir." On the commanding officer explaining the accident which was the cause of it, the general exclaimed, "D—— your No. 3 gun, d—— them all, sir!" Out galloped the major, halted his troop, and commenced, "No. 1 gun, d—— you! No. 2 gun, d—— you!" and right up to No. 6 gun. He then ordered his troop to "Walk! march!" returned to the general, saluted, and reported, "I've d——d them all, sir." Peppery was nonplussed; he could not and did not say a word, although the halting of the troop necessitated the halting of the whole brigade.

Another case occurred when a kilted regiment served under his command. The corps had not been long out in India, and on a brigade parade the colonel took every opportunity of allowing his men to stand at ease. Old Peppery did not like this, so he called out to the colonel, "Your regiment apparently can do nothing but stand at ease, sir; let me see you try some other manœuvre." Out galloped the colonel, saluted the general, then turning towards his regiment, ordered: "Highlanders, attention!

Right about turn! Ground arms! Pick up arms! Front! Stand at ease!" He then saluted the general, who was furious at being shown so simple a manœuvre.

A young medical officer, whom I met at Rawul Pindee on my return from Murree, was very anxious to be allowed to go to Roorkee College to be put through a course of engineering. His commanding officer explained to him that, as a medical officer, he was ineligible, but he persisted in his application to his C.O. to send his name to army head-quarters. So, to pacify him, they pretended to acquiesce, and a fortnight or so afterwards he was handed an examination paper, and told that if he answered the fifteen questions correctly he might have a chance of going to Roorkee. I remember one of the questions. It was, "If a cart-load of bricks costs ten rupees, how much will it cost to build a lunatic asylum?" He never mentioned Roorkee again, although he puzzled over the questions for some hours.

At Peshawur, the brigadier-general had one day finished his inspection of a Bengal cavalry regiment. He had a very florid complexion, and was very proud of the few words of Hindustani that he knew. He addressed the men as follows: "*Soor log hum burra rosy hai*," the meaning

of which is in English, "Pigs, I am very rosy." What he wanted to say was "*Sowar log hum burra razie hain*," or "Troopers, I am very pleased." Of course the commanding officer explained to the men what the brigadier wished to express to them.

In Peshawur every tenant of a house must keep a chokedar, or night watchman, whose duty it is to guard the house and property of his employer. These men are armed to the teeth, and it is not an uncommon event to hear them let loose their pistols at night. The obligation to keep these men in one's employment is no doubt a case of blackmailing, but it is necessary to conform to it where so many cutthroats and born bandits swarm.

One morning when riding out of my gate, on my way to parade, I found a dead man just across the road. He had been shot during the night, but I never heard by whom. My chokedar had gone home. When he returned in the evening, I asked him if he knew anything about it. He replied, with a grin, that he did not, but that he had heard a pistol report during the night.

I had a particularly nice little chokedar in my service at Peshawur, a stalwart young man, always cheerful, and very fond of playing with my children. He had a little bull-terrier, given him by a former master, and this dog killed snakes in a very scientific

manner, never giving them a chance of biting him. One day he came to me and asked for a few days' leave, as he had heard of a man of a tribe, or clan, with whose clan his had a blood feud. The man was coming down to Peshawur with a batch of horses from beyond the frontier, and he added, "This man's tribe has had last blood." I gave him leave, and away he went. About four evenings afterwards I found him in my garden explaining to my little son, Monty, how he had shot the man, going through the whole performance, which he afterwards did for my edification.

The heat in Peshawur in the hot weather is very great. Many people sleep on the tops of their houses, which are flat roofed, and have coolies with large nand punkhas to fan them. These men stand by the bedside swinging the punkhas, which have long stems resting on the ground, with the end between the coolies' feet.

CHAPTER VII

In the 32nd Punjab Pioneers—Buxa—The red bullock and its owner—On the march to Dinapore—Accident to the raft—Pig-sticking—Road-making in the Himalayas—Tiger-hunting—Toad in sandstone rock.

AFTER leaving Peshawur I was stationed at Lucknow, afterwards at Kussowlee. I then exchanged into the 32nd Punjab Pioneers, which regiment I joined on its march to Buxa, Bhootan. We had difficulties about food supply for officers and men at Buxa. At the officers' mess we had lived on ducks, fowls, and eggs for weeks. On one occasion we were reduced to ducks' eggs. It then occurred to me that ever since the regiment had been at Buxa I had noticed a certain red bullock wander about the fort and precincts at its own free will. It would spend the night in the executive engineer's compound, and ramble about and graze in the jungle hard by all day.

I mentioned this to another officer, who said that he had noticed the animal too. So we determined to turn it into beef that evening, which was done, and just in time to have the liver and heart cooked

for the mess dinner, to every one's delight. Fresh beef and salted were enjoyed for some days after.

I obtained leave shortly afterwards to visit Umballah to bring my family to Buxa. I had many commissions to execute for officers and their wives, for Buxa is quite in the wilderness, perhaps jungle would be the better word, especially in the rainy season. Some of them required cooks, some bhesties, or water-carriers, some washermen, others tailors, etc., etc., for in Bhootan no servants are obtainable.

Soon after my arrival in Umballah I made my wants known, and had numberless applications for the vacant posts from servants of all descriptions. Among the bhesties I observed a man wearing a cap made of Bhootea blanket stuff, a material quite unique. I asked him where he had obtained the stuff, and he informed me that he had been to Bhootan with the 1st Goorkhas, which regiment we relieved at Buxa. I was astonished at his wishing to return there, as most of the servants detested the place, and I asked him if he liked it so much that he was anxious to return.

"No," he replied, "but the day I left with the Goorkhas I could not catch my bullock, and I want to go back on its account."

Here was the owner of the bullock we had killed,

and eaten with such gusto, more than a thousand miles away from the spot! I said nothing as to its fate, but told him that I required a bhesty, and he might consider himself my servant. To this he gladly assented. Bhesties in the hills—Buxa is a hill station about 2,000 feet above sea level—use bullocks for carrying water in two large skin bags, slung one on either side of the animal. A few days after we had returned to Buxa, the bhesty came smiling up to me saying, "I know all about my bullock, Sahib; I suppose the mess will pay me for it?" He was paid the price he asked for it, and was quite satisfied.

At the base of the Buxa hill there is a belt of dense jungle twenty-two miles in breadth, and in Bhootan the rainfall is very heavy, so that to leave Buxa, or get to it, during the rainy season is an arduous undertaking. The Bhootaneas are a fine race of mountaineers; many have fair complexions and rosy cheeks. Their cattle are very much like our English animals, and without the hump common to Indian cattle.

The inhabitants manufacture very handsome blankets of bright colours, and the villagers supplied us with excellent milk, butter, and eggs. Handsome dogs, both large and small, used frequently to be brought in by them for sale. On riding in

from Couch Behar to Buxa one afternoon, I came across a tiger feasting off a bullock he had just killed. I had to ride within between thirty and forty yards of him. He looked up and showed his teeth, but did not roar. I gave my horse the off spur to distract his attention, and rode past; the tiger did not attempt to leave his kill, and as soon as I had passed continued his repast.

From Buxa, after a two years' stay, my regiment was ordered to Dinapore. The first march out to Alipore is a long one of twenty-two miles, through the belt of jungle I have above mentioned. The encamping ground is on the banks of a river. Late in the evening, after dark, I was superintending the crossing of this river of the mess-tent and other property. This had to be conveyed across on rafts constructed of several dug-outs, or small canoes, each cut out of a trunk of a tree, fastened together with green canes used as ropes, and a platform made of bamboos placed over the tops of the canoes.

I had seen a cart run on to one of these rafts, and ordered the sentry in charge to allow only one mess servant to go over with it, for fear of too much weight forcing the gunwales of the canoes under water. It was very dark, and while my back was turned the raft was shoved away from the bank, and

started to cross over. Presently I heard shouts from mid-stream, and by stooping down and looking along the surface of the water I could see that the raft was sinking, and that seven men on it were up to their knees in water. Some jumped off, others rolled off, and all were calling out for help. I pulled off my coat, and swam to them. I managed to land four men one after the other, among them the disobedient sentry, who had his greatcoat on. Two swam out, and only one man was drowned. The water was icy cold, as it ran straight down from the hills.

As soon as the raft had got rid of the weight of the men it rose to the surface, and was duly taken over to the other side. For saving these men I was presented with the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society.

While quartered at Dinapore some men who lived on an island in the Ganges, some twenty miles away from the station, presented themselves before the cantonment magistrate and begged him to send some officers out to kill the wild pigs on their island, as they were destroying the crops and killing the inhabitants. The magistrate told them he had no power to send officers anywhere, and, pointing towards our mess-house, advised him to give his information there, and he would find that the officers

did not want sending to hunt the wily boar when they knew where to find him.

They came. Colonel Blackwood, our commandant, and I were sitting in the verandah abusing Dinapore as being a slow, uninteresting place at that time of year—May, I think, was the month, or the beginning of June, perhaps? On hearing their news we jumped up delighted at the prospects in store for us. We took the men over to the Rifle Brigade mess, and within an hour a party was got up to start the next evening for the island. There were about twelve of us altogether.

The first day we speared seven boars; it was very bad ground, full of holes and ravines. There were also fields of castor oil plants, among which riding after a pig is very difficult, for unless one sits tight the plants will get between knee and saddle, and horse and rider will more than probably part company. Another disadvantage is that the boar is sometimes lost to sight of the rider, but the boar can see his pursuer well enough, and if he takes it into his head to charge, might wound the horse badly, or even bring horse and rider to earth. Captain A. Crookshank, of the 32nd,[1] who was out with us,

[1] Afterwards Colonel A. C. W. Crookshank; he was killed at the head of his regiment in the Black Mountain—a most popular and gallant officer. Three of his sons are officers in the Royal Engineers.

nearly had his boot torn off his leg by a boar that jumped open-mouthed at him in among castor oil plants.

As we had taken out our tents to this island, and plenty of ice—a necessity, for the time was the hottest of the year—we remained for a second day's sport. We killed five more boars, while a sixth got off by taking to the water and swimming to the bank of the river.

Just as we were about to return to our tents the islanders came up to us saying that they would now show us the largest boar on the island, and that he was very fierce. They ran off to a pile of long-stemmed crops lately reaped, and having climbed up on the top commenced howling and dancing about. Out ran a pig, but being a sow she was allowed to go. Presently there was a rustle; a magnificent boar broke cover and went away. Firstly he made for a field of castor oil, but as he was fresh and full of go we hustled him out of this easily. He broke in front of Crookshank, who, after a run of about half-a-mile, got first spear. He died very game, charging till his last gasp.

I was very unfortunate in this trip. I had both my horses wounded, one badly. The way the latter wounds occurred was as follows: A boar broke between myself and another officer, and ran back; I

turned my horse round to ride after him, calling my friend's attention. The boar, on hearing my voice and seeing me after him, turned and charged me before I could get my horse into his stride; he jumped at my horse's chest, which he cut open, and in passing through his hind legs cut both his hocks badly. Poor Prince, a bay Arab, was laid up for two months.

I got first spear off that boar, and it was not until after I had done so I discovered how badly my poor nag had been injured. He was bleeding in streams from his chest.

It is not always by any means that the first spear kills the boar. The man who takes first spear claims the tushes, but the mighty boar in some instances takes a lot of killing, charging again and again, with his little eyes flashing fire, and rasping his tushes until he receives his quietus.

I met a man once, but he was not in the service, who boasted of the number of first spears he had taken. Men who have been out with him, however, told me that was all he rode for, leaving the killing of the boar to others. A most unsportsmanlike proceeding; he should assist. Pig-sticking is the finest sport out; it beats both tiger-shooting and fox-hunting, in my humble opinion.

From Dinapore we were ordered off to assist in

THE BOAR JUMPED AT THE HORSE'S CHEST.

making a cart-road in the Himalayas, from the plains to the hill station of Ranikhet, which was then in its infancy; it is close to both Nainee Tal and Almorah. This was in the cold weather of 1869–70.

The regiment was told off into working parties of two companies each, which were encamped from five to six miles apart. It was most delightful work, and we were in a splendid climate. Officers of working parties received working pay as well as the men. There was good shooting and fishing around.

My men earned from ninepence to a shilling a day each, and the harder the rock we had to excavate the more money we got, for we worked by contract. One afternoon some villagers came into my camp, and begged me to go to their village to shoot a tiger that was killing their cows. Four of us started on two elephants in a very short time. On turning round a low hill near the village we immediately came upon the tiger eating a cow he had killed.

The two of us on the leading elephant fired, and we distinctly heard the bullets hit. The cowardly brute, instead of charging sneaked away into the jungle and ascended the hill. We dismounted, and went after him on foot, and finding blood-tracks of two distinct kinds—one dark, the other light—we

knew that one was a serious wound, and the other slight. In fact, stripes was hard hit.

We tracked him up to a small pool of water where he had just been drinking, then into a patch of jungle, where we lost his track, and ineffectually searched for it until it began to get dark, when we determined to return to camp, and come back the following morning to find the tiger.

On again reaching the pool of water above mentioned we found it quite red with blood, and that the tiger had been rolling in it. We returned soon after daybreak next morning, and hunted high and low, but never found stripes. He must have died, for the villagers were never troubled with him again, and he did not return to his kill.

My wing armourer was a Mussulman, a convert from Hindooism. At his shop the pickaxes, mining jumpers, and other working tools were steel tipped and repaired. He was an excellent man, but superstitious to absurdity. I had engaged him at Dinapore ; his name was Sunt Lall. I used to visit his shop several times daily to see that the work was getting on. I had noticed for some time that he had been very hospitable to two religious mendicants, and they were frequent visitors at the forge. Not having seen these men for some days I asked Sunt Lall what had become of his friends, the fakeers.

He replied, "*Huzoor khoob jante hain*" (Anglicè, "Your Honour knows well"). I declared my ignorance, and asked him to explain himself. He then, looking at me with incredulity stamped on his face at my declaration of ignorance, stated that these two men had gone to a village and asked for milk, that the villagers had abused them, and driven them out of their village. That the fakeers then turned themselves into tigers, and commenced killing the villagers' cows in revenge for the insults offered them. That I had gone out, and killed a tiger: *ergo*, one of the fakeers. The other, having again changed himself into a man, had returned, and told Sunt Lall all about the catastrophe, and then disappeared he knew not where.

Old Sunt Lall most thoroughly believed this yarn, and would not listen to any argument against it.

On the works one day some of the men called my attention to a huge spherical ball of sandstone, about two feet in diameter, that had just been excavated out of the sandstone rock on which they were working. By striking the ball with a pickaxe the outer surface would shell off quite evenly. When they had reduced it to the size of an 18-pound shot they declared their intention to take it down to camp for my boys, Monty and Sam, to play with. It was rolled about, and knocked about for some days, and

its diameter further decreased by shelling off, until one day when struck with a dumb-bell it broke open, and they found a live toad inside. The boys ran off to call me, but when I arrived the toad had disappeared, and we could not find it. There was a precipice covered with jungle within a few feet, with a river below it, and I imagine it must have made for it. In the centre of the stone was an oblong cavity. The quarter-guard was close by, and all the men not only saw it, but some handled the toad. The guard had to "fall in" for sunset, and when they were dismissed it had vanished.

In the cold weather of 1871–72 my regiment was ordered to Umballah, where we got comfortably settled down once again in bungalows. In 1872 I attended a garrison course of instruction under the popular and clever Garrison Instructor, Major A. Cameron, V.C., and a cavalry course of instruction in equitation with the 11th Hussars, under their well-known riding-master, Captain H. McGee.

CHAPTER VIII

Simla—Theatricals with Sikh actors—Repeated at Umballah—The Behar famine—In charge of road from Hazepore to Nepal—Lord Mayo's assassination—44th Goorkha Rifles—In Assam—My first buffalo—Tiger *v.* Tiger—Two white tigers—Under orders for the Afghan War.

In 1873 I was ordered up with Captain T. Nicholls, and four companies of the Pioneers, to Simla, to open out the Simla and Thibet road. We were encamped at Mashobra, where Nicholls and myself built a very pretty little cottage each. The work was light compared to what we had done on the Rhanikhet road; there was very little rock, and consequently it did not pay the men so well.

When in Bhootan I had written two plays for the men to act, and they did it so well that I determined to bring them out in Simla. Lord Napier of Magdala was then Commander-in-Chief; he took great interest in the work we were employed on, as it was at his suggestion that the Pioneer regiments were raised. Captain Nicholls and I were having lunch with His Excellency one day, when I mentioned to him my intention to bring out my theatricals in Simla, and asked him if he would do us the honour

of patronizing them. His Excellency at once assented, and expressed his pleasure at the idea.

The plays came off shortly afterwards; not only did Lord Napier attend them, but the Viceroy, Lord Northbrook. We had a crowded house, and the acting of the men was much applauded. The pieces were *The Bengalie Baboo, or One Way to a Fortune*, and *Khode Bwe in Search of his Father*. They were written in plain Hindustani, that any one who had been in India six months could understand. Between the plays a sepoy danced the Highland Fling in full Highland costume, which brought down the house, more especially as he would keep his eye continually on me, stationed behind the slips, for the changes of figure, which was evident to the audience.

In the cold weather of 1873–74 there was a camp of exercise at Umballah. I was dining with Lord Napier one evening when His Excellency asked me to get up the theatricals again at Umballah, as he expected Sir Charles Staveley, then Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, to stay with him, and he was anxious that Sir Charles should see the men act. Of course we did so, and again met with great success. The 11th Hussars kindly placed their theatre at our disposal for the purpose.

The Sikhs seemed to take naturally to acting;

three of them had to sing songs that I composed in their parts, and sang them splendidly. They stipulated that I should take a part too, so that my work was cut out for me, as I was prompter and stage manager.

Two sepoys took female parts, which they did to perfection. When the curtain was raised for us to receive the applause of the audience, in answer to which we all made profound salaams, the band struck up the Valentine galop, to which the company, taking partners, danced until the fall. When I was with the 44th Goorkhas afterwards I started theatricals with them, and with the same success.

In 1874 my regiment was ordered to the Behar famine. I was put in charge of a road from Hazipore to the Nepal Frontier, with several off-shoots, and had with me my wing of the regiment, consisting of four companies. My duties were to keep the roads in repair, and pass the carts of grain along as fast as the bullocks could travel. As well as I can remember I had from eighty to ninety miles of road to look after. Government supplied me with four horses, and I had taken my own Arab down, so I had five to do my work on. One of the Government horses, a big grey Waler, was an awful brute to ride at first. He once buck-jumped myself and saddle off him; he allowed me to catch and saddle

him, tried to go through the same performance again, but failed, then walked backwards for some distance; he got tired of that, and then behaved properly. He afterwards turned out a good pig-sticker.

The sepoys were distributed along the road in twos, at about a mile or so distant, to superintend the work performed by gangs of coolies. These repairs were constantly required, for a line of two or three hundred carts would so cut up the road as to make it impassable, the carts not being allowed on the metalled part. At first I used to fill up the ruts, as I had been advised to, with jungle grass, plantain stems, etc., but the first gang of carts passing would pulverize all this, and the roadway was worse than ever; besides which there was the expense, as the grass, etc., had to be paid for. So instead of filling up the ruts I had them cleared out, and kept quite level. The carts used to go along splendidly on comparatively hard ground; at last the ruts had been worn so deep that the cart axles caught on the intervening ground. I then abandoned the road, and took the carts right across country. In several instances I sent men up high trees to look out for villages I had to pass, and on getting their compass bearings would make a bee-line for them, and so save the carts miles of road.

My non-commissioned officers were supplied with

ponies to enable them to superintend the sepoys in charge of the gangs of coolies, and pay the latter every evening. One of the havildars, or sergeants, named Bussunt Sing, had a very handsome chestnut pony. One afternoon he dismounted it, when, without any apparent reason, the animal rushed at him open mouthed, knocked him down and set to work to munch his left arm, kneeling upon him. Bussunt Sing was rescued by a sepoy, but not until he had received such injuries that he had to be pensioned for life.

He declared that he had never ill-used the pony, and, knowing the man well, I do not believe that he had. The animal was perfectly quiet with any one else, and I used to pat him. He seemed to like to be taken notice of, but if he even heard Bussunt Sing's voice he would try to break loose, and when he saw the havildar he would show the wildest excitement, and try to get at him.

It was hard work for those engaged on famine duty, for it necessitated exposure all day to the fierce rays of the sun during the hottest time of the year.

Colonel C. M. MacGregor,[1] the Director of Transport in North Behar, wrote and thanked me very much for the good state of my road, and the

[1] The late Sir Charles MacGregor, K.C.B.

trouble I had taken with it. When His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales visited India, Captain Nicholls and myself were invited by the Honourable Sir Richard Temple, K.C.S.I., Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, to journey from Delhi to Patna at the Government expense, a distance of 629 miles, to have the honour of being presented to, and of breakfasting with, His Royal Highness on account of the good work we had done during the famine.

To give an idea of the magnitude of Colonel MacGregor's charge I will mention a few of the details. He had 50,000 two-bullock carts, 15,000 pack animals working under his supervision, which carried from first to last 282,000 tons of grain, equal to four millions of bags. He had to distribute this mass of grain among the many depôts and granaries. He had sixty-five British officers under his immediate command, and at his disposal two companies of Sappers and Miners, and my four companies of the 32nd Pioneer Regiment. The rest of the corps was employed constructing the railroad. He displayed the character of a grand administrator, which afterwards as Quartermaster-General of the Army he exhibited so well.

Before the regiment had returned from the famine district we received a letter from Army Head-quarters, on September 14, 1874, informing us

that the 32nd Pioneers was the best shooting regiment in the Native Army for the season 1873–74. One of the paragraphs runs as follows: "His Excellency (the Commander-in-Chief) observes that the position this regiment has attained as the best in the Native Army is due to the superior practice of the wing commanded by Major Walker, to whom special credit is due." So what with our musketry, our theatricals, and the famine the Pioneers scored in 1874.

My work during the famine brought me a great deal in contact with the Behar indigo planters, from whom I received the greatest kindness and hospitality. They form a great sporting community. The Behar Mounted Rifle Corps is composed of them; they are fit to go anywhere and do anything. Mr. Charles Swaine, now, alas! no more, of the Ottar Factory, very kindly invited me to make his factory the head-quarters of my wing, and in his compound were pitched the hospital and other tents. He was kindness and hospitality personified. He would send me out fresh bread when I was miles away in the jungle, give me notice of pig-sticking meets, and put out horses on the road for me to ride in on to enable me to be present at the sport.

The coolies employed on the famine relief works were paid in copper tokens, each of which represented

so much rice; they are a rice-eating population in Behar. These tokens were taken by the recipients to the rice depôts, and exchanged for food. This was the ingenious invention of Sir Richard Temple, K.C.S.I., Lieut.-Governor of Bengal. It prevented fraud, and saved the cost of transporting and guarding treasure. The tokens had been duly cast at the mint, were about the size of a shilling, and holes had been punched out in the centre through which a string could be passed, and as the coolies had not pockets, they could tie these round their waists or necks.

In the cold weather of 1875–76 the 32nd Pioneers formed part of the camp of exercise at Delhi, at which His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was present. It was a magnificent affair. Our Cavalry Division was second to none in the world, and right proud was Lord Napier of them, as he was indeed, and had good reason to be, of the whole force. The army gave a grand ball to His Royal Highness in the King's Palace, in the Diwani-i-khas (private audience hall), on January 12, 1876; and I had the honour of dancing in the same set of quadrilles, or lancers, as the Prince, to my partner's extreme delight.

The camp of exercise of 1871–72, held also at Delhi, was a splendid one, too, and most enjoyable.

General Upton of the United States Army was present, and a large number of Indian princes and chiefs. Poor Lord Mayo was Viceroy then; he gave a grand ball which was largely attended. Lord Mayo left Delhi shortly afterwards to visit the convict settlement in the Andaman Islands. He was stabbed by a Pathan convict when getting into his boat to return to his ship. His Lordship was a man of grand presence and imperial bearing, which won for him the reverence of the natives of India, who quite idolize such attributes. It is needless to add that he was also held in great estimation and respect by all classes of his own countrymen.

When, after the camp broke up, the regiment was on its way back to Umballah, on our second march out, in the morning before daylight, a mounted man overtook us, and handed a telegram to Colonel Morgan, our commanding officer. The difficulty was to read it; I offered to do so by the aid of the light of my cigar. It ran as follows: "Lord Mayo assassinated at Andamans yesterday." This caused us all great sorrow, as we had been his guests only a few days before, and he was looking so well.

During the camp of exercise of 1872, my regiment was ordered out to the Kootub to throw up field works, and place dummy targets to form a

position for the troops to attack, and perform a course of field firing. Some engineer officers and sappers were there also. We dined the officers one evening, and during dinner the tent door was opened by a servant passing in, when there was a cracking of glasses all round the table. On examination it was found that only those containing claret had cracked.

In March 1875 I was appointed to officiate as Cantonment Magistrate and Judge of the Small Cause Court at Umballah during the absence on leave of the incumbent, and in October 1876, having officiated for some months as Commandant of the 32nd Pioneers, I was promoted to be second in command of the 44th Goorkha Rifles, then stationed at Debroogurh, Assam. I was very grieved to leave the dear old regiment; I had been with it for ten years, and would have gladly foregone promotion, and waited to have taken my chance of it in the Pioneers.

On my trip up the river Brahmapootra, on my way to join the Goorkhas, I was fortunate enough to shoot my first wild buffalo. He had a splendid pair of horns; they were 10 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches long measuring from tip to tip, and 4 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches distance across between the tips.

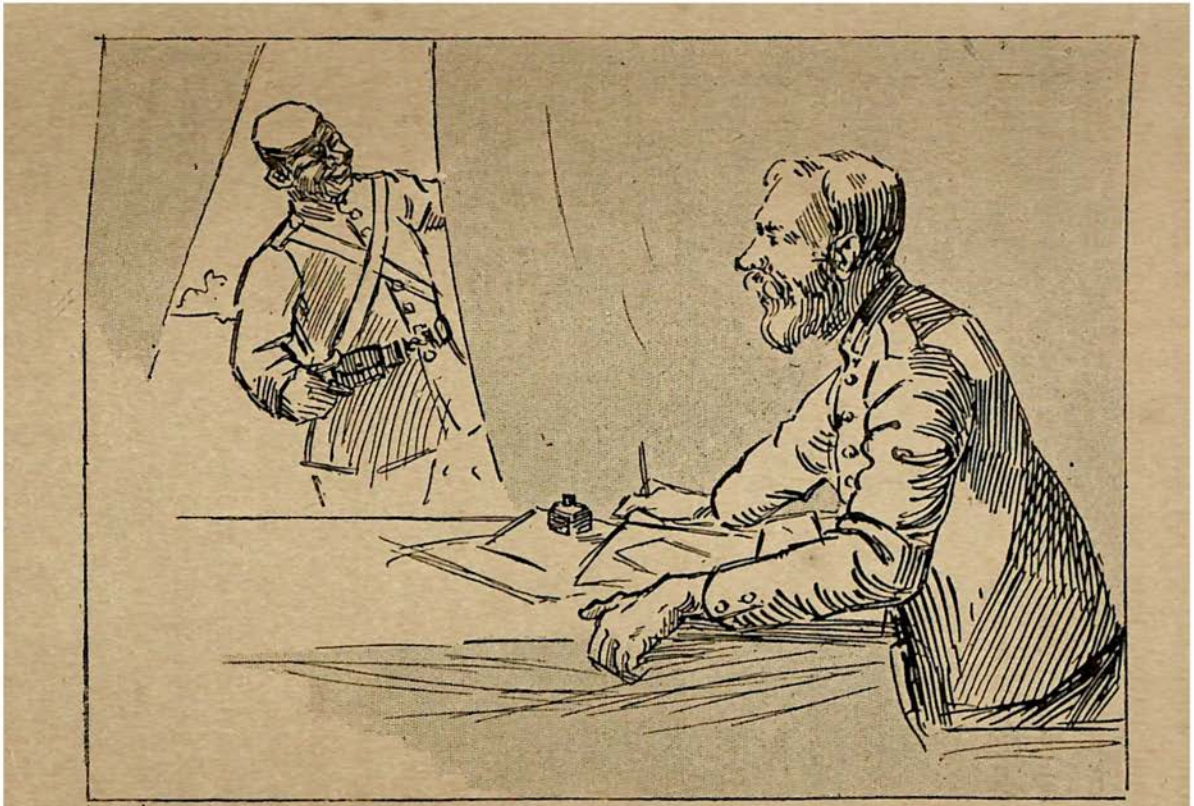
Soon after joining I was sent out to command the

Sudya outposts. While so employed a patrol of my men came suddenly upon two tigers fighting; they fired, and killed the largest of them, the other bolting into the jungle. They dragged stripes off the road and covered him with boughs and leaves, as they had to go further on to meet the patrol from the next stockade. On their return they found that the dead tiger had disappeared. On searching about they discovered the drag, a sporting term for the mark left on the ground, grass, etc., by the dead body of a tiger's prey which has been dragged by him to a convenient place for him to eat it. They followed up the drag and found their tiger, and the marks showed that its foe had returned to the road on which it had been shot, dragged it into dense cover, and had actually commenced to eat it, a big piece of one of the haunches having been devoured. I happened to visit the outpost the patrol belonged to that afternoon, saw them busy cleaning the skin, and purchased it as a curiosity. There is a large piece wanting which the other tiger had eaten. I met the Deputy-Commissioner, Colonel Graham, there; he had paid the men 25 rupees, the Government reward for killing a tiger, so they made a good business of it.

On another occasion of my visiting that post I wounded a wild buffalo. I put three bullets into

him, when he bolted off. The next morning the usual patrol was sent out; they had gone about two miles when the sepoy in advance saw a buffalo standing in the middle of the road. The beast charged down on him at once. The plucky little Goorkha dropped on his knee, took steady aim at the buffalo's head, fired, and felled him dead at his feet. In falling one of his horns struck the Goorkha's fore-arm, and broke it. This turned out to be the buffalo I had wounded, and my three bullet wounds were found on him.

A short time after this event a Goorkha came running into my quarters at Sudya exclaiming, "Come along, Sahib, quick; I have just seen two white tigers." I laughed at his idea of their being white, but he declared he was right, and he pointed out to me a herd of village cattle running in scared with their tails well up in the air. I sent for the regimental elephants, the Goorkha for his rifle, and my soldier servant and I started off at once towards the spot. We were soon joined by the other sepoy with his rifle, and we walked along in line about thirty paces apart after we had found the footprints of the two tigers. We were getting into rather high grass, so I looked behind to see if the elephants were coming, and to my amazement saw a white tiger on the narrow footpath I was walking along,



"COME, SAHIB, I HAVE JUST SEEN TWO WHITE TIGERS."

at about thirty yards behind me. I swung round to get a shot at him, but he bolted into the grass, and was out of sight before I could get my rifle up. He thus got behind the sepoy on my right. I closed up towards him, followed by the other man, and we retraced our steps, hoping to meet the tiger. As the elephants were close up, we mounted, and beat over the ground well, but we never got sight of either tiger again, although as long as daylight lasted we now and then found their footprints in open places, showing they had made for heavy jungle. Next morning we were on the ground at daylight, and found the skeleton of a horse deer that they had evidently killed, and the jackals had finished. But we never saw the tigers, although we found fresh footprints at the entrance to a vista that had lately been cut through the jungle.

The tiger I actually saw was of a very light primrose colour, and where the black stripes should have been the colour was a little darker. Colonel Graham shot a remarkably handsome wild white buffalo at the same post while I was there; it was indeed a noble beast. One of my sepoys shot a white horse deer also at Sudya. It was about fourteen hands high. I have never heard of a white specimen of any of these animals having been seen before, or since. Neither the buffalo

nor the horse deer was an albino. I saw the head of the buffalo afterwards in the Calcutta Museum.

In October 1879 the gallant 44th Goorkhas were on their way to Cabul to take part in the Afghan War then going on. We were in great delight at going to serve again under Sir Frederick, now Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.B., G.C.I.E.

CHAPTER IX

Recalled to the Naga Hills—Murder of Mr. Damant—The Kohima stockade invested—Relief of Kohima—Assault on Khonoma—The lower fort taken—Assault on the upper fort—Enemy retire to Chukka Fort.

WHEN we had reached Goalundo by steamer from Debrooghur, whence we were to entrain for Calcutta, to our bitter disappointment an order reached us to retrace our steps to Assam, and thence to the Naga Hills, to punish the Angami Nagas, who had murdered the Political Agent, Mr. Damant, and were in active hostility against the British Government. This took place on October 14, when a number of men of Mr. Damant's escort were also killed by the Khonoma men.

Several Nagas had implored Mr. Damant not to go to Khonoma, at any rate not to go to the gate of the Merema clan, but he was deaf to their entreaties, and went. He walked up to the gate of the Merema clan, and was shot dead. Then his escort, some eighty strong, was cut up, and dispersed. Some of the fugitives reached Kohima,

the head-quarters, whence Mr. Damant had set out the day before, that night, and measures were at once made for defence.

The garrison consisted of some two hundred men of the 43rd Assam Light Infantry under Major Reede, and about the same number of Frontier Police under Messrs. Cawley and Hinde. There were also the widowed Mrs. Damant, Mrs. Cawley and her two dear little children, besides a number of sutlers, servants, and women and children belonging to the police—in all 545 souls.

The inhabitants of the village of Khonoma, in which there were three clans, formed the principal community engaged in active operations, but thirteen other villages were arrayed against us, estimated at numbering more than 5,300 men, 300 of whom had guns.

The Nagas at once commenced to invest the Kohima stockade. The discontent among them was supposed to have been caused by the demand made upon them for labour for transport purposes, and irritation at interference with their intertribal quarrels. They knew that we were engaged in a war with Afghanistan, and as they had managed within the few years previously to secure a number of firearms and a good stock of ammunition, they thought that Mr. Damant's visit to the village

was a good opportunity to strike a blow for their independence.

On the news of the Political Agent's murder at Khonoma reaching Shillong, the Head-quarters Military and Civil of Assam, on October 18, it was at first proposed that a wing of the 44th Goorkhas under myself should be sent to punish Khonoma, and avenge the Political Agent's death; but the general commanding the Eastern Frontier District accepted the civil authorities' representations that such a small force would be inadequate for the purpose, and it was decided that the whole of the regiment with the mountain guns should be moved up, as Khonoma was an extremely strong position.

In August, some two months before Mr. Damant's murder, I had been sent up on special duty from Gowhatty to Kohima to insist upon rations for the military detachment stationed there being conveyed up from the depôt at Samugudting to Kohima, where they were running short. The Political Agent was much against this, and wanted the military to march down to their provisions, as he could not provide Nagas as porters. To this retrograde movement I would not agree; my instructions forbade me. The detachment had only four days' full rations in store, and the police little or none, so we could not get any from them. I put

the soldiers on half rations, and after a great deal of trouble I made an arrangement with Lotsoju, one of the principal men of the large village of Mezuma, some twelve miles distant, to start at once for his village, take from there 150 men to Samugudting, and commence to bring up the provisions, some of which were to be on the road two days afterwards.

The distance from Samugudting to Kohima is forty-two miles; the road was very steep and trying for men carrying heavy loads. To my great relief the faithful Lotsoju appeared on the fourth day with 150 loads of provisions, about 12,000 lbs. We then having but two full days' supply in store, the police were begging from the soldiers.

I remained at Kohima until I had got up from the depôt food for the military detachment for the current month, plus three months in reserve. It was this reserve of provisions, which was shared by the police and noncombatants, that enabled the garrison to hold out from October 14, the date Mr. Damant was murdered, until October 27, when Colonel Johnstone (afterwards Sir James Johnstone, K.C.S.I.) relieved it with troops from Manipore.

Sir James Johnstone reported to Government that had it not been for this stock of provisions the garrison could not have held out for two days, and in his book, *My Experiences in Manipore and the*

Naga Hills, pp. 158, 159, he writes:—"What the result of a surrender would have been no one who knows the Nagas can doubt; 545 headless and naked bodies would have been lying outside the stockade. Five hundred stands of arms and 250,000 rounds of ammunition would have been in the possession of the enemy, enough to keep the hills in a blaze for three years, and to give employment to half-a-dozen regiments during all that time, and to oblige an expenditure of a million sterling, to say nothing of valuable lives."[1] Sir James was Political Resident at the State of Manipore when the Naga outbreak took place, and, as above stated, he relieved Kohima with Mañiporie troops, which the Maharajah had most loyally placed at his disposal, as well as the whole of the resources of the State. These troops were forty miles on their road to Kohima on October 23, the news of the murder of Mr. Damant and siege of Kohima having reached Sir James Johnstone only on the 21st idem. They reached Kohima on the morning of the 27th, after a march of 100 miles in a very hilly country, along a terribly difficult mountain path, in six days.

[1] Sir James Johnstone, in a letter to myself dated Kohima, December 19, 1879, writes:—"Had you not personally seen to the victualling of Kohima the garrison must have inevitably perished."

Johnstone in his book describes his actual ap proach to the stockade as follows:—"A few miles farther, and on rounding the spur of a hill, the stockade appeared in full view, and we sounded our bugles, which were quickly answered by a flourish from Kohima. We marched on with our standard (the Union Jack) flying, we reached the valley below, we began the ascent of the last slope, and forming into as good order as the ground would allow, we at last gained the summit and saw the stockade, to save which we had marched so far and so well, before us at a distance of 100 yards. The garrison gave a loud cheer, which we answered, and numbers of them poured out. Messrs. Cawley and Hinde grasped my hand, and others of the garrison formed a line on either side of the gateway, and we marched in between them. . . . I then saw the poor widowed Mrs. Damant and Mrs. Cawley, who had behaved nobly during the siege. While talking to the last, one of her two children asked for some water. Her mother said in a feeling tone, 'Yes, my dear, you can have some now.' Seldom have I heard words that sounded more eloquent."

Both Mrs. Damant and Mrs. Cawley received the decoration of "The Royal Red Cross" for the noble services rendered by them during the siege, the former in nursing the sick and wounded, and

the latter in caring for the women and children of the police, and keeping them in a sheltered spot.

Now to return to my regiment at Goalundo.

We were conveyed up in two steamers to Nigriting, the right wing and head-quarters in one, I in command of my left wing in the other. The former boat being the larger got ahead of mine, and we did not meet the head-quarters again until we reached the Naga Hills. I received very great assistance and kindness from Mr. Boyle, manager of the Nigriting Tea Estate, in getting my men and baggage away from the river bank and on to Gola Ghat, where I was ordered to remain with my wing to escort the general up to the hills.

The general not requiring an escort, I marched on and joined the Naga Hills Field Force at Piphima, on the site of the destroyed stockade. Here we had to halt for four days to open out a track for our elephants, which formed part of the transport, as the Nagas had cut away the political path with the object of arresting our progress.

On the morning of November 15 we attacked and captured the village of Suchema, losing one man killed. This village was held during the whole of the operations, which were not over until the end of the following March.

The force now consisted of the 44th Goorkhas, commanded by Colonel J. M. Nuttall, C.B.; 150 rank and file of the 43rd Assam Light Infantry under Major Evans and Lieutenant A. L. Barrett; two mountain guns manned by three bombardiers Royal Artillery and thirty rank and file of the 44th Goorkhas under Lieutenant Mansel, R.A.; and about fifty Frontier Police under Inspector Mima Ram. Lieutenant E. Raban, Royal Engineers, was field engineer, and Deputy Surgeon-General De Reuzy was principal medical officer.

Colonel Johnstone, having been appointed chief civil officer of the Naga Hills, joined us from Kohima on November 20 with 120 Kuki coolies. I had never met him before, but he came up to me before the general and all the officers of the force went to the front of the camp to meet him, and shaking hands with me said: "You ought to be very proud, Major Walker, for having saved the garrison of Kohima." Captain Williamson, Inspector-General of Police and assistant political officer, accompanied Colonel Johnstone from Kohima.

The guns having arrived on the 21st, orders were issued for the assault on Khonoma to be made on the following morning. The village was six miles distant from Sushema, where we were established, and to give my readers an idea of its strength,

I will give an extract of Lieutenant Raban's official report thereon.

"2. The village of Khonoma occupies a camel-backed hill at the end of a spur from the Barrail mountain range. The position is extremely strong naturally, and the Nagas have shown wonderful ingenuity in improving, to the greatest possible extent, their natural advantages; the result was a position which, in the absence of guns of position, was simply impregnable from the north (the direction from which the attack was made), except to a determined assault. In point of fact, the very determined assault made under the brigadier-general's own command failed to drive the Nagas from the main position, even after it had been shelled for several minutes at a range of about 100 yards by the 7-pounder mountain gun; and though the position would, without doubt, have been captured the next day had the Nagas not evacuated it, the fact that it would have required two days to capture the place shows how strong it was.

"3. The slopes of the hillside being exceedingly steep, the houses of the village are built on terrace sites, half excavated in the hill, and half built up from the spoil. The terraces are revetted with stone walls, which are often as high as 10 or 12 feet; up the crest of the hill, terraces are similarly cut wide

enough to allow of one house being built on them, and the crest has thus become a series of long, narrow steps, bounded in some places by the terracing at the sides, and at others by the steep slope of the hill.

"4. The defences occupied the highest part of the hill, and extended some way down the camel-backed slope on each side. They were most carefully constructed, so that the interior of each could be commanded by the fire of the one above it.

"5. The path of the assaulting column was closely confined to the crest by the very steep terracing, and by some elaborately constructed entanglements and arrangement of panjies, and on the approach, thus confined, a very heavy fire was maintained from most carefully constructed loopholed defences. The loopholes were perfect examples of what they should be; it was impossible to fire in any but the right direction from many of them, and the men using them were entirely under cover.

"6. The first portion of the regular defences consisted of two houses on a terrace, with a stone tower between them; on the stone tower had been constructed a lofty watch tower of timber and stone; nearly all the thatch had been removed from one house, and on the other it had been carefully covered with planks to render it bullet and fire proof. The

approach to the terrace was by a very elaborate, covered, narrow spiral staircase, up which only one man could advance at a time. The height of the revetment of the terrace at the lowest part was about 10 feet, but a wall of stones, planks, and earth about 6 feet high had been constructed round the houses on top of the revetment, so that the effective height of wall as a protection from assault was about 16 feet. The front of the position was well flanked. This position was captured by the 44th under Colonel Nuttall, C.B., comparatively early in the day, by assault through and over the staircase, I believe. No advance beyond this point was accomplished during the day, and it was occupied by the troops at night."[1]

On the evening of the 21st, Deputy Surgeon-General De Reuzy delivered to the British officers of the force a lecture as to how to bandage gun-shot wounds and to stop bleeding. There was some laughter and fun over this, and each of us was served out with a bandage. Lieutenant Ridgeway, adjutant of the 44th, asked the surgeon-general how a wound in the shoulder should be dressed, and odd to say he, Ridgeway, was next day wounded through the shoulder.

At about seven a.m. of the 22nd, the start for the

[1] This is the lower fort referred to at pages 173 and 174.

capture of Khonoma was made with the following strength of troops :—

Artillery — Two 7-pounder mountain guns, 1 British officer, 3 bombardiers, 1 native officer, and 30 rank and file 44th Goorkhas.

43rd Native Infantry—Two British officers, 4 native officers, 133 rank and file.

44th—Seven British officers, 10 native officers, 359 rank and file.

Frontier Police—Three inspectors, 26 constables.

In all, including officers, 579 men.

To these must be added the brigadier-general, and Major Cock, deputy assistant adjutant-general; Lieutenant Raban, R.E.; the surgeon-general; Surgeons J. O'Brien and R. Neil Campbell, Colonel J. Johnstone, and Captain Williamson.

The troops were disposed as follows :—The 43rd, under Major Evans, accompanied by Captain Williamson and his Frontier Police, was directed to take the right flank of the attack, keeping up the main valley under cover of a deep ravine, so as to threaten the rear and cut off the enemy's retreat. The 44th were ordered to form the front and left attack. Lieutenant Raban, R.E., with the rocket party, took up a position half-way up the Mozema Hill, with instructions to fire into and set the village on fire.

The brigadier-general went with the guns to a hill to the east of Khonoma. The guns were carried by the Kukis brought by Colonel Johnstone.

The 43rd took possession of an old fort in the enemy's rear without any loss whatever.

Lieutenant Raban opened the ball by firing a rocket. We, the 44th, were toiling up the Khonoma Hill when this took place, and the men signified their satisfaction by an expression of delight. Then the little guns opened fire, when another "Bravo!" was called out. The Nagas, some 3,000 or more, were shouting their war cry.

On reaching the crest of the hill we had to take ground to our left, and as we neared the forts—there were two, one commanding the other—we found ourselves obliged to march in almost Indian file along a narrow pathway, to which we were confined by the steep terracing and panjies.

On nearing the forts Lieutenant Boileau was sent off with a company along a pathway to our right to see what he could do there. He soon opened fire on the lower fort from behind a terracing revetment wall. The regiment continued its advance along the narrow pathway; as our leading file turned a corner he was shot dead from one of those faultlessly-made loopholes described by Lieutenant Raban. The next man was mortally wounded. There was a

stoppage. Colonel Nuttall received a nasty scratch on the face from a splinter.

Lieutenant Boileau sent for orders, saying that he was in front of a fort to the right of our leading files, and was losing men. He then asked for a doctor, when Surgeon Neil Campbell was sent. Seeing the stoppage, I volunteered to take some men to Lieutenant Boileau's assistance, and see what could be done there. Colonel Nuttall gave me permission. I found Lieutenant Boileau's men extended in front of the fort (described by Lieutenant Raban in his paragraph 6), which was about fifty yards distant, the space between bristling with panjies (pointed stakes made of bamboo, hardened in the fire, and as sharp as needles);[1] there were also several obstacles running parallel to the position and ourselves in the shape of prickly hedges. The fire was heavy and well directed. Most of Boileau's killed and wounded men had been hit in the head. Surgeon Campbell was coolly tending the wounded. I got my men under cover of the wall with Boileau's. I cautioned them that I was going to fire a volley

[1] Some of the panjies were deeply notched in the middle, in order that they should break off easily when the point had stuck into a man's leg. One broke off into mine. I had thirteen deep punctures, and a number of nasty scratches, which took a long time to heal.

KUBBERAJ KHARKIE REACHED IT FIRST.

and charge, and directed their attention to the loopholes.

The revetment wall was about four and a half feet high. I ordered the volley to be fired, and then the charge. We clambered up the wall, but as for charging through the panjies and over the hedges, it was impossible. We had to pick our way for every step we took, and stepping over the hedges was very trying work. I made for a salient angle of the fort, and on getting close up to it I saw a stump of a small tree sticking out about half-way up the wall, which was about sixteen feet high. I determined to mount the wall by its aid, and I directed the attention of Sepoy Kubberaj Kharkie and three other men with me to it, and we raced for it. Kubberaj Kharkie reached it first, jumped up and seized it, and, with a smile of triumph at being first man, offered me a hand up. I got hold of the stump. Kubberaj was over the wall like a rocket. I gave the next man a hand up to the stump, and followed. Five of us thus entered the fort.

I noticed that the nearer we got to the fort the enemy's fire slackened. When we entered it not a Naga was to be seen, but we found that the spiral staircase contained some eight or ten of them. Directly I showed myself at the top one of them took a shot at me with a double-barrelled

gun. He was about to reload with a green cartridge, when I shot him through the head with my pistol.

Shortly after this a Naga sprang up the staircase. I was reloading my pistol, my sword was sheathed, and he ran past me within three paces and escaped, a little Goorkha after him, trying to bayonet him, but he could not catch him. We accounted for the rest of these Nagas except two or three, who, in trying to escape, impaled themselves on their own panjies.

Shortly afterwards we five were joined by the rest of the men, who found their way up the spiral staircase. Surgeon O'Brien was one of the first up, and the first thing he asked me was how I had managed to escape being hit.

The Naga who escaped past me came up to me one day after the campaign was over, and paid his respects. I did not recognize him at first, and as I could not understand what he said, Lieutenant Maxwell, assistant political officer, was kind enough to interpret for me. The man really seemed pleased to see me. The Naga who fired at me, and whom I shot, was a splendid man, and one of the most important men among the enemy. He was a clever armourer. The gun and cartridges he used had been Mr. Damant's, which were plundered from him or his party on October 14. Surgeon O'Brien found

a very fine dhao, or Naga knife, on this man, and my pistol-bullet in his head. On my examining his body next day I found in his cap pouch, instead of caps, small pink paper patches with fulminating powder between the two pieces of paper—in fact, what are sold with children's toy guns and pistols. They, I found, were excellent substitutes for caps.

Sepoy Kubberaj Kharkie was promoted, and awarded the Order of Merit, as was also another of the four men who accompanied me.

It seemed so odd to us, having assaulted under a heavy fire and the howling of their war cry by some 3,000 Nagas, to find ourselves in what appeared to be an empty fort and comparative silence ensuing. The men who manned the walls appear to have bolted as soon as they lost sight of us underneath, forgetting to warn their comrades in the staircase, who seemed as much surprised to see us on the top of it as we were to find them in it. The second and much larger fort was only some seventy yards distant, and this acted, no doubt, as an inducement to them to seek its shelter.

We soon, however, began to lose men from the fire of the fort when the enemy came to recognize that the lower one had fallen, and that their comrades left in the staircase must have been killed.

A curious incident occurred to me when scrambling up the revetment wall after having given the word to charge. It seemed to me that some one said to me, "Make for the salient angle." So certain was I that it was a human voice that I looked round, but not an Englishman was near me. But I did make for the salient all the same.

The mountain guns opened fire at about 1,200 yards distance. They made little impression, so were after a time advanced to within 800 yards of Khonoma, with but little effect, however. Lieutenant Raban's rockets had been injured in transit from Calcutta, and nearly all fell short. He therefore was ordered to withdraw from his position and join the guns.

Soon afterwards a body of men was seen by the gun party on a ridge above the village of Khonoma. A gun and a rocket were fired at them. They turned out, however, to be Major Evans' party, who made themselves known by sounding the regimental bugle call. No damage was done.

On Colonel Nuttall joining me, seeing that the guns were not doing the enemy any damage, he wrote to the General to that effect. The guns were therefore brought up to our position in the lower fort, and opened fire out in the open on the upper fort at a distance of seventy yards, Lieutenant

Mansel and his three bombardiers[1] pointing them fully exposed to the fire of the enemy.

Colonel Johnstone, who accompanied the guns, thus describes his entry into the fort:—

"As we neared the place where we had last seen Colonel Nuttall's party, ominous sights met our eyes: dead bodies here and there, and men badly wounded, while sepoys left in charge of the latter told us that the Nagas were still holding out in the upper forts. After advancing a few paces further we had to pick our way over ground studded with panjies, and covered with thorns and bamboo and cane entanglements, exposed to the fire of the enemy; and passing the bodies of several Nagas, we ascended a kind of staircase, and after again passing under the Naga fire climbed up a perpendicular stone wall and found ourselves in a small tower, which with the adjoining work was held by a small party of the 44th. I asked Colonel Nuttall where all his men were, and he pointed to the handful around him and said, 'These are all.' The situation was indeed a desperate one, and I felt that without some immediate action our power in the Naga Hills for the moment trembled in the balance."

[1] Thomas Portman, John Watts, and H. McAndrew. These plucky fellows were duly promoted, and each decorated with the Distinguished Service Order.

While the bombardment was going on the noise of our guns was most unpleasant to us standing near under a thatched roof waiting for the order to assault; nearly every one was to be seen with his hands up to his ears at each discharge. Major Cock, D.A.A.G., advised us to try the experiment of opening our mouths wide instead, as we should feel the concussion less. We did so; this ended in roars of laughter. The ridiculous spectacle that a number of officers and men making such absurd grimaces presented can be imagined.

There were a number of the Nagas' domestic fowls running about, much frightened, of course, and these seemed to amuse the gallant bombardiers, and exclamations as follows were to be heard:—"Trail right." "Trail right, sir." "Mac, look at that hen and chickens!" "Trail left." "Fire!" "I say, Portman, there's a fine cock." "Fire!"

The light guns did very little damage, and what they did the enemy promptly repaired. Evening was setting in and the gun ammunition was exhausted.

At last the welcome order for the assault was given, and we were forming up when Colonel Nuttall came up to me and ordered me to go to the guns and bring up the thirty of our men that were with them. I thus lost a foremost place in the

assault. I did swear—to myself, of course. It was some time before I could get off the narrow pathway, so blocked by our men advancing; at last I saw one running off to the right, which I promptly took. I soon found myself under the wall on our extreme right, where a slight angle prevented my seeing the rest of the regiment. We had passed through and out of the heavy fire from above, and now received showers of spears, firewood, and stones, as also a few shields. I could not get a footing anywhere, not even a place to stick my toes in; there was no obliging clump of a tree as there had been to help us up the wall of the first fort.

A huge stone was dropping right on my head; I just had time to turn it off with my hand, though it nearly dislocated my thumb. A bugler on my right got one on his head and dropped off the ledge a depth of some six feet. He began calling out lustily for the doctor; it seemed so absurd I was bound to laugh. A sergeant on my right told me that the regiment had retired, I looked round the corner and found it was so, and on hearing that it was by order of the colonel I told the sergeant we must go too, but we must take the bugler with us, which we did. He could hardly walk, poor fellow, and his head was much scarred for life.

We had not reached the other fort before we

overtook a stretcher being carried away; one of the carriers was Surgeon Campbell (he had taken the place of a bearer who had been shot dead), and in the stretcher was poor Major Cock mortally wounded.

I went directly up to Colonel Nuttall and asked him if he had ordered the retirement; he told me that he had, as he saw how hopeless it was to capture the place. So ended November 22, 1879. The 44th lost sixteen killed, four mortally wounded, and twenty-two wounded on this day—twenty-five per cent. of our strength.

Major Cock died during the night. Lieutenant Ridgeway was shot through the shoulder, and Lieutenant Forbes received a spear wound of which he died some days after. Colonel Nuttall was, I have before related, wounded slightly early in the day. Our Subadar-major Nurbir Sai was killed, and two other native officers were slightly wounded.

Neither Lieutenant Mansel nor any of his bombardiers were wounded, although they served the guns in such an exposed position, and at such close quarters—seventy yards, as I afterwards measured it. I attribute the small loss we sustained, considering the exposure to heavy fire we underwent, was the result of the enemy having filed away the blocks of the foresights of the many Snider rifles they had possessed themselves of. The residue of the block and the tip

of the foresight thus formed one huge sight, the result being that they fired high and over our heads. They became better shots, though, after a time.

Colonel Johnstone's orderly, a Sikh named Narain Sing, managed to scramble up to the top of the wall, was pulled over by the Nagas themselves, and cut to pieces.

The Brigadier-General and Colonel Johnstone both joined in the assault, as did also Lieutenant Raban.

The resistance made by the enemy was of a more determined character than I met with in capturing No. 1 fort. They took care, however, not to expose themselves, firing in perfect safety through their loopholes. If we had taken the scaling ladders which we had brought with us from Suchema we should have captured the place, I firmly believe.

Lieutenants Macgregor and Henderson, who had been with detached parties guarding our left flank, and preventing the Nagas escaping that way, rejoined us about dark; Major Evans was called in also[1] (they, the 43rd, lost two men in this retirement, both shot with one bullet), and it was determined

[1] Lotsoju, the Mezuma Naga whom I have mentioned before, said to an officer of my regiment afterwards when scanning the position, "Why were the 43rd recalled from that fort? It was a mistake," or words to that effect.

that we should remain in the lower fort for the night, the General putting me in charge of it.

Lieutenant Raban represented to the General the necessity of fortifying our position, as the lower fort could not hold half of us. The only thatched hut was full of wounded and dying men. Lieutenants Raban and Mansel, assisted by Colonel Johnstone and his Kuki coolies, set to work and accomplished this by 7 p.m. The mess servants appeared with our dinner, which I for one was glad to see, and did justice to, as I think we all did.

The Nagas became very noisy at about 9 p.m. They called out to us that the rations they found in the haversacks of some of our dead men, left behind close under the wall of the upper fort, were very good, and they intended to have all we had left presently, as they were going to cut us all up. This was mere bounce on their part, for they were destroying their defences preparatory to evacuating them, which we did not then know.

It was a very cold night, and we had no warm clothing; we were on a bleak spot some 5,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level. The Brigadier-General had intended to capture Khonoma and return to Suchema the same night, but it was a harder nut to crack than he expected.

I was visiting different parts of our position nearly

the whole night, Lieutenant Boileau assisting me, and several times went to see the wounded. There was one little Goorkha, I think Jeetman Kwas was his name, who was wounded in the stomach. He was a smart lad and I had taken great pains to teach him, when in cantonments, his drill, surveying, etc., and found him a very hot soldier and apt scholar.

On one of my visits I found him in tears, and I tried to cheer him up, when he said: "I am dying, and I did so want to give you a Naga's head before I died." On my next visit an hour or so after I found my little friend dead. At dawn our patrol found the upper fort evacuated, and the General ordered me up with 100 men to take possession of it. The enemy had retired to the Chukka Forts, another strong position about 1,500 yards higher up the spur of the Burail mountains.

We found great quantities of rice, some 164,000 lbs., stored. The enemy evidently thought that Khonoma was impregnable; their crops were also left standing, or the greater part of them. The rice was stored in huge baskets from 3 feet to about $4\frac{1}{4}$ feet high, with a diameter of from 3 to 4 feet. These baskets were promptly utilized by Lieutenant Raban, who had them moved into the place where the dismantled walls stood, and they made an excellent barricade.

CHAPTER X

In charge of Khonoma—Trouble for the water picket—A long shot—Mr. Damant's body found—Adventure of a Goorkha—The Nambhur forest—Heroism of Lall Sing—The Chukka Fort taken—The end of my active service.

On November 24 I was left with Surgeon Neil Campbell, Lieutenant Boileau, and 200 men in charge of Khonoma, with orders to utterly destroy the place. The rest of the force with the wounded returned to Suchema. Ridgeway, who had been awarded the V.C., walked the whole distance in preference to being carried on a scaling ladder. We were harassed at Khonoma night and day. We had great difficulty about our water supply. I had the choice of four ways down to the river for it; the nearest was to my right front, it was over half-a-mile, the others were over a mile. On November 27 the enemy ambuscaded my water picket, and killed two men. Lance-naick (or corporal) Runbahadur Khurga, the leading man, was shot dead, and so close to the men in ambush, that before the other men got up to him, the enemy had cut his ears off and decamped. Nagas always take the heads of those they kill, but

in this instance they had not time to decapitate Runbahadur.

They never ambuscaded another of my pickets, although we remained at Khonoma about two and a half months before we were relieved, and they were for ever trying to. I used every morning as soon as I could see, telescope in hand, to scan all the ground to our front and flanks, and I often discovered Nagas behind stone walls that they had built up during the night commanding the water supply. The walls were hardly perceptible until the Nagas behind them, in their anxiety, would peep over, when their black shaggy heads could easily be seen. They looked like large black mops bobbing about.

The water picket would then be sent off by one of the other ways, and we would shout derisively at the Nagas, and keep them behind the wall for hours, they being within rifle-shot, as one day they found to their cost. The picket, when going down the hill, would roll large stones in front of them, to clear out any of the enemy that might be lying in ambush.

One day about noon a heavy fog came on and lasted about two hours. After it lifted I examined the ground in front well, as I wanted to send the men down the short way for water. I saw what I thought to be a newly-erected wall, and so it turned out to be; but seeing no heads, I was just

about to give orders for the picket to go down that way, when a dog jumped on the top of the wall and a man's hand appeared and dragged it off. We yelled at them and were answered by all the Nagas in the Chukka Forts. The wall had been built up during the fog, which shows what an active enemy we had to deal with.

Oddly enough the Nagas, when they got a chance, would fire at the water picket, but never at the unarmed men who followed them and were going for water. We had this excitement about the water the whole time we were there. I used to recall the water picket by blowing a whistle; this always produced a yell from the enemy.

As we had captured all their rice, the Nagas were very hard pressed for food. One day, on going round the defences, I found one of Raban's rice baskets half empty, and on examining it I found that the enemy had sneaked up during the night, cut a hole in the bottom of it, caught and carried away a quantity of rice, and plugged up the hole with a piece of cloth. That night we waited for them, hoping they would come for more, but they were too cute. They must have watched and seen us examining the basket. They overlooked us in every way, and could see everything that took place among us.

As I have before stated, my orders were to utterly destroy Khonoma, consequently the garrison was closely occupied in this work during the whole time we were there. The men were so hard worked with incessant sentry and fatigue duties, that I was unable to harass the enemy as I so longed to do. Besides demolishing the place, we had to try and prevent the enemy reaping their rice crops on the hillsides across the river. This gave us some shooting at long distances, far longer than our Sniders were sighted for, but by putting up the 1,000 yards sight and aiming at the reapers, then raising the foresight of the rifle steadily yards above them, the bullets would go so close to them that there was a general skedaddle; this plan never failed. But at night they would return and reap unmolested. Surgeon Campbell had a Henry-Martini rifle, the only one in the outpost. One day he made a splendid shot and knocked over a Naga at 1,400 yards. There were two men walking in Indian file along the mountain side opposite; he hit the last man, who fell and crawled under a bush, the other bolted as hard as he could go; at night we saw men with torches go to where the wounded man was and carry him away.

We heard next day that they found him dead.

During the first part of our time at Khonoma we were much harassed at night by the enemy, who

used to sneak about and fire at our sentries, and hover round on mischief intent. But as they themselves had, when putting the place in a state of defence, carefully panjied all round the position, they were confined in their rambles to certain narrow pathways. I had a number of crows' feet made of bamboo, and one evening when it was too dark for them to see us, we scattered them on the pathways. In the morning to our delight we found that they had been well among them, for the ground was well sprinkled with blood. The next night they came again, swept up and took away a number of our crows' feet, leaving behind them a basket half full.

Jemadar (Lieutenant) Pran Sai was not to be done, so he constructed another trap for them in the following manner:—A bamboo about 17 feet long was procured. One end was fastened to a post off the pathway, so that the other end reached over and about four feet above it. An arrow, also made of bamboo, about three feet long, was fastened in it at right angles, and at a foot from the extremity. This end was then drawn back, the post to which the other end was fastened acting as a pivot, and secured. There was some arrangement by means of which a man walking on the pathway unwittingly released the end with the arrow in it, which sprang forward, and the trespasser was transfixed.

A Naga was killed by this the first night it was put up, and we were aroused by the unfortunate man's screams. There was another ingenious device by which a shower of bamboo arrows with points like needles were sprung from a bamboo tube. After being punished by these infernal machines, the enemy ceased to trouble us at night.

During December Mr. Damant's body was found, by some of my men, suspended over and in the river to a long bamboo. I had it brought up to the fort, and we duly buried it. The legs, hands, and feet had been severed, and the body was covered with spear wounds, inflicted after death, Surgeon Campbell said. When Colonel Johnstone relieved Kohima, he sent to the head-man of Khonoma for Mr. Damant's body. The man at once sent the head, but said that the body had been destroyed. His signet ring and several other little articles were also sent. The head was buried with all due honours at Kohima, the Manipuri chiefs drawing up their men and saluting as the procession passed.

On Christmas Day we had some soldiers' sports inside the fort. This seemed to worry the Nagas a good deal; they yelled at us, and eventually fired some shots out of Sniders at us at a distance of some 600 yards. The bullets, however, went far

above us, and did not spoil our fun. The affair seemed to puzzle the enemy a good deal.

The day after Khonoma was taken the Brigadier-General telegraphed for reinforcements, and towards the end of December the 42nd Regiment Native Infantry, under command of Colonel Sherriff, arrived in the Naga Hills. The General was then able to commence more active operations against the enemy. The Khonoma men were drawing their supplies of food from a large village called Poplongmai, so it was determined to send a party of 150 men, under Captain Macgregor, to surprise and destroy that place. On January 26 the party reached Khonoma on its way, and I was ordered to furnish a company to act as a rear-guard to it for four miles, where they were to halt in extended order and remain until daylight to prevent the Khonoma men following Macgregor up and attacking him *en route.*

At daylight the company was to commence its return march to Khonoma. (Surgeon Campbell accompanied Macgregor's party, to my great regret.) I was early on the look-out for them, and after 7 a.m. saw them coming over the brow of a high hill to our right front, at the distance of about two miles. On their arrival at Khonoma, the native officer, Subadar (Captain) Kalloo Thappa, commanding the company, came up to me and reported that

he had carried out his instructions, and that his company were all present and correct.

While he was making this report the enemy in the Chukka Fort commenced yelling out to a picket they had half-way up the hill Kalloo Thappa had just come down. I knew there was a picket always there, although it was hidden from our view by the configuration of the ground. The place where it was posted was a good deal to Kalloo Thappa's right as he descended the hill, and he could not see it, nor could the men of the picket see him. One of our sentries called out to me that there was one of our sepoys coming down the hill. I looked to where he pointed, and sure enough there was a little Goorkha descending almost over the Naga picket, the men composing it running off to their left to cut him off. I ordered the bugler to sound the "Left incline." My little man obeyed it as if he had been on parade, coolly halted, fixed his bayonet, and continued his course. The Nagas were running as hard as they could. I again sounded the "Left incline," which the sepoy obeyed. We opened fire on the enemy, and drove them back; the benefit the men had derived from shooting at longer distances than the Snider was sighted for was very apparent in this case, for the first volley stopped the enemy, and on receiving the second they concealed themselves, and we got

some more shots at them as they sneaked off one by one to their post; whether any were killed or wounded I never heard.

I had sent a party out to meet our man, and they brought him in safe and sound. It turned out that he had fallen asleep when the company was lying down, and remained so when it moved off the ground. On waking and finding himself alone, he at once made tracks for Khonoma. He was promoted for the presence of mind he showed descending the hill, and turned out an excellent N.C.O.

About February 7 my 200 men and myself were relieved and returned to Suchema. We had had two and a half months of outpost duty and heavy fatigue work. I had suffered a good deal from scurvy and inward complaints, the result of my march through the Nambhur forest twice in August, and I was glad of a few nights in bed.

To give an idea of the unhealthiness of the Nambhur forest during the rainy season, I may state the following fact. Early in August I solicited Colonel Nuttall, commanding the regiment, to order down from Kohima a newly-promoted native officer, as I was short of them at Gowhatty, where I was in command of the left half battalion. He replied that it would be dangerous to recall the man until the rains were over, as the marches through the

Nambhur forest were deadly, and the man was too good to risk it. A week or so afterwards I received my orders to go to Kohima on the special duty before referred to. I took with me about six sepoys, and we spent four days and nights in that forest. The Nagas had burnt down a bridge, and as we had elephants with us, we had to fell trees and repair it, the stream that spanned it being so full of mud that the elephants could not possibly have forded it. During the day the huge gadflies bit us, and brought streams of blood from men, horses, and elephants. At night we were tormented with sandflies, and as for leeches, they dropped on us from trees and bushes, besides crawling up our legs. We were surrounded with stagnant pools of water as black as ink, and most offensive. The result was that the men of my escort, and myself, all suffered.

On my return to Suchema I found my charger, a Waler (Australian), as fat as a pig. He had been fed on unhusked rice all this time, and only had had walking exercise inside the small fort or its precincts.

On March 9 I was strolling about the Suchema Fort when I found a little Goorkha named Lall Sing Goorung amusing himself by making a paper windmill, which when finished he stuck on the wall, regarding its working with evident satisfaction. I

chaffed him about his occupation. He replied, "Well, Sahib, how can one amuse oneself cooped up as we are?" That night he was ordered on escort duty with provisions for Poplongmai; the escort consisted of 75 rank and file under Lieutenant Henderson. The original number of coolies to be escorted was 66, but there were no less than 140 when the party started off. Lieutenant Henderson distributed his men among the coolies, and found himself without a body of troops sufficiently strong to resist attack. He had not proceeded more than half his journey when he was attacked, he and his party being surrounded in front, flanks, and rear. The coolies he had with him were from Mezuma, and luckily for him he had with him the faithful Lotsoju, who advised Henderson to allow him (Lotsoju) to temporize with the Khonoma men and so save a massacre. Fortunately the enemy had accidentally wounded a Mezuma woman, one of the coolies, and on the strength of this Lotsoju upbraided the Khonoma men, and declared if they did not cease firing Mezuma would show the English force how to take the Chukka Forts. He had a parley with the Khonoma chiefs, and the terms they came to were that Lieutenant Henderson was to return to Khonoma and take the provisions with him, and that if he accepted these terms he was to sound the "Cease firing" bugle

call. He did so, and he informed me afterwards that the enemy jumped up from every bush and piece of cover around him. They allowed him to collect his men, and the coolies with their loads, and accompanied the party nearly as far as Khonoma. All they kept for themselves was a keg of rum.

During the assembly of Henderson's men and coolies the Khonoma chiefs were heard to say to Lotsoju, "Look at the rifles and ammunition we are sacrificing for the sake of Mezuma," meaning the rifles and ammunition of the escort. Khonoma and Mezuma were much intermarried, and Mezuma had been punished by us a few years before for its misdeeds. Henderson lost three killed and one wounded. Among the former was Lall Sing Goorung, who lost his life as follows: On the march out he appears to have been with the advanced party under Naick (Corporal) Kolbeer Thappa and two other sepoys. As before stated, the whole escort was surrounded, and much scattered. Lall Sing was badly wounded, so the others helped him along; in a short time one of the sepoys was killed and Kolbeer Thappa was wounded (he died of his wound about a fortnight afterwards, and he himself told me what I am now relating). Finding that they could no longer help Lall Sing Goorung along they told him so, and placed him under a bush. The poor

fellow took his cartridges out of his pouch intending to die fighting, but Kolbeer Thappa said to him, "Lall Sing, you know the order: we must take your rifle and cartridges to prevent the Nagas getting them." To which he replied, "Take them; I am the Queen's soldier, and obey orders." Half-an-hour afterwards a party from Poplongmai under Lieutenant Barrett, which had been sent out to meet and help Lieutenant Henderson, reached this spot, and found that the Nagas had cut this humble hero to pieces. Barrett soon discovered that Henderson had retired, and returned to Poplongmai.

This success in stopping supplies going to Poplongmai emboldened the enemy, but Captain Abbott commanding there got supplies by another route, and was enabled to hold out.

Some eight days after this a wing of the 18th Native Infantry arrived at Suchema. They were Hindustanies and consequently tall men, and clothed in red, whereas the 42nd, 43rd, and 44th Sepoys were short, and clothed in green. The Nagas had never seen a red regiment before. The Brigadier-General now began to hem them in, and on March 26 the enemy fully submitted, and on the 28th the 44th occupied the Chukka Forts.

The position was a very strong one, and ingeniously defended, but an excellent path was found

leading up to a crag at the rear of the position which commanded it. This no doubt was the road Lotsoju alluded to when he threatened the Khonoma chiefs he would show us the way into the Chukka. Colonel Nuttall retired from the service on March 6, and I had succeeded to the command of the 44th Goorkha Rifles, and became Lieut.-Colonel on March 14. We left the Naga Hills about the middle of April for Shillong, there to settle down to the usual routine of cantonment life. Our casualties had been :—British officer, Lieutenant Forbes, mortally wounded; 1 Goorkha officer, Nurbeer Sai, and 26 rank and file killed; 2 British officers, 2 Native officers, and 37 rank and file wounded; of the latter about 8 died. Total 69. And, as I have before said, I think we got off very cheaply.

The faithful Lotsoju, I consider, was not nearly sufficiently rewarded for his great services. He only received a silver-mounted drinking-horn and 50 rupees, which was no more than five other men received for less services.

Thus ends a record of all the active service I have seen, and I fear am likely to see. After retiring from the service, and just before leaving India, I raised in Calcutta a Scottish Company of Volunteers, and a very fine body of men they were, and well officered.

I shall ever look upon India as the finest country in the world, and this my grand-uncle, Captain Larkins, late of the Indian Navy (who fought the Indiaman *Warren Hastings* against a French frigate until she had not a mast standing), told me it was when I was first leaving England; and he added: "But live generously, my boy, live generously. Always drink a bottle of beer a day, and when you can afford it drink two."

THE END

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